

Maclean's

A photograph of a man and a woman with a car. The man, wearing a dark jacket, is leaning over the car, looking down at the woman. The woman, with curly hair, is smiling and looking up at the man. The car is dark-colored and has a large headlight visible. The background is dark and blurry.

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Interview

With Ken Danby

At 37, Canadian artist Ken Danby has established himself as a master of realist painting, with international stature that regularly brings him dossier requests from New York, London and European capitals. A 1974 article in the U.S. magazine *Art* declared that Danby's "vision is a triumph of technical virtuosity and clearly reveals his primary interest in integrating and synthesizing all the formal elements of art." Author-critic Paul Dault of Toronto, in his 1978 book entitled simply *Ken Danby*, noted that the artist's work since 1962 has "placed Danby among the leading contemporary artists anywhere. Despite—or perhaps because of—his popularity with the general public, most other Canadian critics have been inclined to dismiss Danby's work. His paintings have been condemned as 'superficial slick and cloying to the point of nausea'.

Born in Saint-Jas, Maine, Ontario, Danby by the age of 12 had decided that he wanted to be a painter. Largely self-taught, except for two years at the Ontario College of Art, Danby was only 24 when a painting of his entered an exhibition at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts, won the Jessie Dow Price. Today Danby looks older than his years, thanks to lines of technique around his calm, blue eyes. Danby was interviewed by contributing editor Robert G. Simpson at the 121-year-old mill near Guelph, Ont., where the artist has lived since 1967 with his wife and three young sons.

Maclean's: You are an artist with an international reputation, yet with one or two exceptions, Canadian critics and reviewers seem to be ignorant as to the merit of your work. In a recent review in *Books in Canada*, your work is summed up this way: "But somehow it's all dead. Even the former people at The Canada Council came to the aid. These carefully crafted pictures surely emanate the most dead air by Danby's pattern." The suggestion seems to be that you pander to your patrons.

Danby: The only way I can answer that kind of a slur is to say that when I began working as a cartoonist and stage maker, I made a very conscious effort to reach the masses. When, in the early Sixties, my first sketches evolved around the rural image, abstracts, I was involved in painting the home, rural farmer and milling mills that are every household in this today. If I had wanted to court the pocket books of the collectors, I'd still be painting old barns, because they are what the market place is demanding to a large extent. And I would



have made a lot of money, so far, I haven't made a lot of money, because I've had the integrity to paint things in a more intuitive, surreal, honest, directly sensitive approach.

Maclean's: That same review goes on to mention your visit to the metropolitan art scene of paintings by the leading American realist Andrew Wyeth in *Buffalo* in 1962. There is a popular notion that for you that show was a revelation in the sense of *St. Paul on the road to Damascus*.

Danby: Would that perhaps be the opposite way to clarify that once and for all? When I came down from Saint-Jas, Maine, as an 18-year-old to attend the Ontario College of Art, I had been drawing and painting realistically for many years. When I came

Had I wanted to court the pocketbooks of the collectors, I'd still be painting old barns

down to Toronto, I was confronted with what was then the most fashionable approach to art, abstract/active, abstractism, and abstractism expressive. I had no idea what this was all about, and I was overwhelmed by it.

Maclean's: Nevertheless, you did produce some good abstract paintings during that period.

Danby: It was not until late into my second year that the teachings of the late Jack Macdonald began to give me an understanding of what it was all about, and I began to appreciate what it had to offer. However, I still didn't feel that it was what I wanted to do.

Maclean's: You remained dissatisfied?

Danby: Always. I was never, as has been depicted, a flag-waving, abstractist. I was always playing at investigating various elements of abstractism according to the foundations that Macdonald had taught me, but never being able to make the flag. All my internal feelings came back to a realist approach to art, and coincidentally I saw the Wyeth show, where I had already been convinced that I wasn't going to make it at that path [abstractism].

Maclean's: What did the Wyeth show do for you?

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Danby: What the 'Which show did you love' was actually my own confusion. I confirmed that one could be appreciated, and one could achieve something still in this century in terms of being in the forefront of the decisions of art without having to be contemporary.

Maclean: The photographic reaction of some of your work leads me to ask an obvious question: why labor for hours trying down in your what a camera can record on film with equal fidelity?

Danby: A camera is a tool used by an artist. A camera can create artistic statements, that is where a fine photographer leaves the shutters behind. But as an artist capable of doing things that the camera is incapable of doing, I must be approaching my work on a basis which allows me as much fidelity to a camera's picture, but I'm creating the image—I'm not just pushing it.

Maclean: Your best-known painting, *At The Circus*, is a highly complex work in which you have created an archetype of Canadian modernism—a movement, isn't it?

Danby: There was no conscious attempt to create a Canadian kind of representational. It was the thinking out, the interesting, challenging aspect of the problem that I wanted to work.

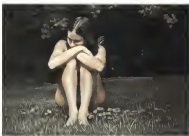
Maclean: There's something between your last picture. It almost looks like a short of beer, that gives his face a small life appearance.

Danby: This brings me to the element which went into the picture, which will help to explain the evolution of the final image. When I played hockey as a youngster, the mask was not used in it. There was a long stretch of time in the Sixties when I didn't get into a hockey tank or wear any skates, and that's when the mask became a prominent feature of hockey. We have an outdoor rink across the road from me, and the last time I played there, in 1968 or 1969, something kept occurring in my mind after the game, and that was this mask, which my neighbor's son had worn as he played pool.

Maclean: Why should it have been as compelling? After all, newspaper photos and television have made the goalie's mask familiar to all of us.

Danby: It's a different thing watching a goalie in photographs or on television, and actually thinking up to the act and confronting a figure wearing that mask. It was a new experience for me, and I guess that's why it remained in my mind. Periodically, for weeks on end, that image would keep coming into my mind. I thought that perhaps it was a visual experience worth exploring in my art, but I would commonly doubt it to a ditch of a sporting theme that I realized that it was beyond a sporting thing—I was actually relevant activity in society reflected on my age that hadn't been looked in a painting.

Maclean: At *The Circus* was painted in 1977, at a time when you had reached a crescendo in your art.



Most art critics in Canada shouldn't be critics. They're ill-informed, incompetent

Danby: In 1972, I was doing a lot of self-appraisal. Where is my work going? What kind of a reputation is going to have? And to be told it came to the conclusion—the least one of course—that my art should follow an intuitive path, and not be influenced by a dogmatism of what should be. It was a natural, progressive resolve for me to pursue that, and it was a very important step for me.

Maclean: Can you explain what someone now at an artist?

Danby: What is it that motivates anyone to do what they do? What is it that motivates me to spend months on a painting? I certainly can't make a dollar. Paintings like *At The Circus*, took months to make. It's no 10-hour-a-day-to-earn-it. Why? Because for me there are no shortcuts. Hell, I wish sometimes that I could create these images in a few hours, but I can't. One of my paintings (color prints produced by a silk-screen process) took me over a year and a half to make. If that's being done to make a dollar, there are other ways to do it.

Maclean: One of your most attractive paintings is *The Boon Bunk*. What was the experience there?

Danby: What I wanted to do about that was simply an old piece of delirious lying in a street that had no relevance at all to anything of man except for a book: a little piece of machine gun or fabricated metal that represented man as what was quite a pleasant signifier of raw nature. The whole painting was an exercise in creating a representative abstraction of nature. It was a very pleasant, joyful experience working

on that painting, so far as I was able to get rid of so much of the obvious potential influences and just play with representing color and shape and design, and still come back into focus with a representational feeling.

Maclean: The *Starbatter* was painted in 1977, the same year in which you painted *At The Circus*. For the two pictures convey opposite extremes of mood: the graphic emotion of power, the god is serene and contemplative.

Danby: I was doing some studies for a series which eventually became *Starbatter*. I was approaching an image which I had conceived of a god lying on a chair, looking at the people of the world, and so the process of posing for what became *Starbatter*, she would have a sea and reflect, sitting on the grass, and that became *The Starbatter*. It is simply a straightforward study of a figure, a neighbor, in an intimate, reflective pose.

Maclean: How do you select the themes and subjects for your paintings?

Danby: I just respond to experiences as they happen, or after they've happened. I don't happen to be a materialist and run for my pants. No, I have myself receptive, and absorb everything around me visually. My mind may lock on to a particular image, and later on I'll come back to it, months or years later.

Maclean: Do you feel that luck is a factor in Canada as a composer?

Danby: Most art critics in this country shouldn't be art critics. They are ill-informed and incompetent. There's a handful who have the degree of empathy and understanding of what art is all about—a handful. Most critics who attack my work are people I've never met. How can they know anything about an artist's intent if they don't even take the trouble to meet with an artist and get him in his about his work? I've been around a long time now, but apart from Paul Dunn, only one other critic has ever come up to me and asked me about my work.

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Maclean: Your apartment design-magazine authors: would you be distressed as a mere housewife?

Danby: The term [illustrator] has become debased. But look back at the old masters: Rembrandt's *Night Watch* was an illustration. Blake's greatest work was his illustrations of Dante, Milton, and the *Book of Job*. But as we progressed from those grand commissioned works to a more commercial marketplace for magazines and the media, the line became blurred because of the commercial line. I think that to use the term is the dubious manner in which it is used to relieve to myself and certain others is a clear and a derogatory reference which is unnecessary, because I can use any terminology in all except in the most social respect, and that is that both illustrators and representational artists are working from a nature.

Maclean: Not many modern artists would agree with you about the importance of good drawing.

Danby: Back in the 1800s the Impressionists began to explore all the avenues of art, including and directing paint, color, light, texture and so on. The artist was no longer as interested as he had been. And then the Expressionists claimed that to an extreme, said Jackson Pollock, and others like De Kooning and Picasso were able to liberate the artist.

Maclean: They also gave a lot of artists some flak in their behind.

Danby: Exactly. It allowed theorists to get into the game of art, to really show human pretensions, people without any ability other than showmanship. Today's artist can get into the game. A conceptual artist doesn't even have to work a brush or a piece of charcoal and he can still be canonized.

Maclean: Are you cynical about the art scene in Canada?

Danby: I'm cynical on a day-to-day basis. But I'm not cynical in the long run, because history always prevails.

Maclean: A French color has written that "the Group of Seven may easily be defined as a group of nationalists." Would you ever wish that was true?

Danby: The Group of Seven was a healthy reference in that it focused on a Canadian heritage. For the first time we had something that we could hold on to in being independent of Canada. But I think the Group of Seven reflected to some extent from where their base was because Canada's position in the art world and the collection of the world was not and never has been as important as it is today. It may have been pointing their work in the States. For instance, there'll be a totally different reference evolved from it. As it is, it's at the forefront in Canada. A few painters are doing something, finally, indigenous to their home territory. But it's better than our country being regarded as a recipient of art, and good news knowing the rest of the world isn't going to be paying that much attention. Maybe in a few centuries the la-



As an artist I am not trying to be significant in any way to Canadian art

curation of art will have adjusted their position somewhat.

Maclean: Do you think of yourself as a Canadian painter in the way that the Group of Seven was definitively Canadian?

Danby: No. I'm trying to be a Canadian. I wouldn't want to live on the other side, but as an artist I'm not going to be significant in any way to Canadian art. Art is not compartmentalized by borders. Sure, such artists as others are relative to the environment in which it exists, but art is essentially a universal thing, and has nothing to do with borders. I have no interest in being a provincial painter.

Maclean: Apart from the critical books and headlines, what sort of response has your work generated in Canada?

Danby: People who buy my work are collectors with minds of their own.

Maclean: And are you one?

Danby: Yes, people with an eye for what has happened and an interest for the future. But they're buying for an entirely different reason. I prefer to relate to the people who are willing to respond to things I focus on a visual plane rather than a financial one.

Maclean: Her financial success means greater freedom to pursue your inner visions into art without having to worry about sales figures?

Danby: I don't have substance worries. My financial worries are compensated by pursuing the ideal. The ideal makes so that I can be less concerned. We don't live luxuriously out here. We have a happy, comfortable existence.

Maclean: Art is obviously central to your life. But how important is it for artists?

Danby: Art is an absolute necessity. It is an underplayed—sometimes always seems to be undervalued—art from the general public. It's always an elitist thing. Art has to be noticeable in how to be taught. I stress and suggest that art is taught in a supplementary subject in schools, and art after the hobby. In this society it's almost embarrassing for a man to be responsive to art. That is staged and impressive in itself. In order for a society to be enlightened and civilized, art must play a major role. It's probably the most potent communication there we have. It's also a pedagogical and a living force.

Maclean: What are your other interests?

Danby: Designing—anything and everything. I design for various things, playing with plans for waterworks. I started in my own home to explore some kind of energy, waterwheel, some kind of machine to preserve my own power of that it is all feasible. I enjoy designing and engineering projects. I'm actually designed a working model of the mill here, and so forth. Things like that are simply extensions of natural processes, that as I work and as I learn, so much is being revealed to me, so much is being revealed that the nature of what I'm trying to pursue becomes more and more evident, and with it comes the realization that I will never be able to achieve all of what I'm looking at in the direction in which I'm going. All I can hope for is to achieve enough to make a significant dent in that ambition and pass on perhaps enough experience to others so that they'll continue to pursue it in one direction or another.

Maclean: Do you have any other interests when you begin a new work?

Danby: Absolutely. The less things I'm going to do in the night now, in the first thing I'm going to do. It will always be that way and it's something less than my best, then I'll know it's time to bring up my brother.

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Confederation unworkable? Separation unthinkable? Here's a third choice

Column by Douglas Verney



Behind the rhetoric surrounding Canada's current national crisis lies an unworkable political reality: the fact that the principle of majority rule can be opposite in practice. French Canadians feel that they are part of a permanent minority whose interests and needs will always be subject to the whims of the rest of Canada. So, if French governments have insisted that their people must have equality or independence. Unless the permanent minority can be transformed into an equal partner, they insist, the result will be separation. And this equals a requirement to be linguistic or cultural, it is to be political and control the Quebec.

What they are asking for, what they should be allowed to have, is a return to the double majority principle that prevailed during the decades just before Confederation. At that time, Canada East and Canada West each had equal representation in the joint legislature. We should consider a return to that system.

What would this new Canada look like? It would be a Canadian Political Community of anglophones and francophones, without a permanent political minority. Canada would remain one country in international law, with a flag, an anthem and a federal (or confederal) government responsible for agreed Pan-Canadian concerns such as defense, foreign affairs and monetary policy.

Canada would be delivered in at least two important respects. First, because it has always treated on "equality or independence." Quebec would have to be treated as a state (as the Australian states of "state" of the West. The West would have to be a separate state of that sort. The Confederation government would deal directly with these two states instead of with 10 provinces.

Secondly, in order that equality would apply to all French Canadians and not just to the government of Quebec, the Confederation parliament would have to be elected by two equal electoral colleges: one composed of francophones throughout Canada and the other consisting of anglophones. The linguistic community remaining in Quebec and the West would thus have a voice in the Confederation legislature. This body would have a particular concern for minorities, wherever they might be.

The Confederation legislature could not be accused of representing the anglophone majority when it considered itself with minority rights because it would be composed equally of francophones and anglophones. Canada would be truly a bi-cultural

country. Any constitution would be necessary to allocate powers between the bilingual Confederation government, the unilingual anglophone West and the unilingual francophone Quebec. English Canadians in the West Provinces would be able to common with the British North America that majority would if they wished, and individual provinces could perhaps retain the majority. At first they would mean being reduced to equality with francophones. But they would soon discover that through their new organization of the West they could accomplish



many things formerly reserved by Quebec. Further decentralization might not prove attractive.

The new Confederation government would probably have broad appeal among francophones, but might be resisted by continued separatists. For it would be the interest of the people of Canada, not of the government of Quebec, and the West. It would be much more than a simple Economic Community. Beyond from two separate countries. Many in the Parti Quebecois might find this compromise difficult to accept. But French Canadians generally might conclude that the new Canada really was based on equality: the old majority-minority relationship would have gone.

Confederations would be achieved by knowledge that the electoral colleges provided for representation of French Canadians outside Quebec and English Canadians within. Their support would be the tested integrity and instead of Canada split apart.

Both linguistic groups would make great concessions. The English would have to recognize the implications of equality. The French would have to accept the continued existence of a Government of Canada. The new Canadian Confederation might resemble the British authority of 1867 which gave the Government of Canada responsibility for "peace, order and good government," but it would be the Government of Canada nonetheless.

Federalist French Canadians would be appalled. Many of them resist the claim of the Government of Quebec to represent all French Canadians—or all who matter. They would be resistant to know that French Canadians everywhere would be represented in the Confederation legislature.

At first English Canadians might object to the recognition of French Canadians as equals in the electoral college and not as a majority. But for equal purposes, francophones are perfectly equal to anglophones. Government generally, liberal prime ministers, opponents of the status quo, are extremely English and French. Within the federal Liberalism, the French Canadians are a powerful bloc concerning themselves for beyond their numbers.

The concessions on both sides should make the new Canada a state in the majority-minority relationship of 1867 would be replaced by the equality principle that was the foundation before Confederation. In many parts of the world, majorities insist on being treated as equals. At the United Nations, it is not only the West, the East or India or China. In the U.S. Senate, there are two senators from the states of Nevada and two from highly populated California. Within Confederation itself, France Edward Ireland is a province like the others.

In fact, we need to think again about the majority principle, at least where there is a permanent majority that feels as a permanent disadvantage.

This is how English French Canadians must view Confederation today—at a device that keeps them in an inferior position. We must make it clear that English Canadians remain innovative and adaptable able to create a new Canada, a new regime based on a Canadian Political Community we have called Confederations.

This regime will have an delicate-like Confederation itself. But it will also be as all a second choice. Even more important, it offers to the Quebecers equality as an alternative to independence.

Douglas Verney is a professor of political science at York University in Toronto.

or choose to read or use a person as much money as to carry out in the privacy of our homes? If people had such power (that is, power), then they should refrain from purchasing the national. If they are in a position to not to indulge in a little luxury now and then, they too should be refused the purchase of such material. But the 700,000 who buy *Prestige* should have their rights upheld. Why is the magazine published by old people? Don't they realize they're being young? Why do they try to put us on a pedestal? We, the younger people, know it is a natural part of life and are not ashamed of it.

RICK KOSIN, LEAFHAPER MAN

I read with some amusement (and bewilderment) John Menner's comment that "[Canadian] public opinion was not on our side." Presumably the statement was intended as a justification for his effort using the May issue of *Prestige* as the Canadian bouncer. My bewilderment came as a result of my attempt to understand just how Menner stumbled upon the rather curious piece of information. His conclusion seems to have been reached by a survey—described last few months? One wonders.

We should be able to see some humor behind all this nonsense, however. Think of the next federal election, for example. Canadians will be forced to publicly de-

scribe themselves as being either pro- or anti-Canadians (I don't think that's any room for compromise) and voters will be able to make a clear choice. This kind of thing could completely revolutionize the whole concept of Canadian democracy. Canadians will be denigrated by their opponents for being "soft" or even sex and public debates will sweep the country. Actually, the whole scenario isn't all that unrealistic. Canadians have long debated the merits of bilingualism and multiculturalism; why not "canadianism"?

WILLIAM GORDON, TORONTO

I don't know how comforting it really is, but it seems that Canadians will not be governed by the latest issue of *Prestige*. How thoughtful of John Menner to spare the innocent citizens of Canada the degradation of being forced to buy the May issue. I guess we're just too sensitive to handle such hot stuff. Menner's reason for the seizure of the magazine—"that public opinion wasn't on our side"—seems humorous. When was the last John Menner and are you taken? When we go to town (shopping is not the answer) if fewer things were banned, the public would soon rise of a magazine and it would quickly find. In a so-called free society, we are free to buy any magazine we want. We can smoke and keep our credit and drink our beer to drink but we can't read a single magazine in the privacy of our own homes.

PAUL SUTTER, LONDON, ONT.

The May issue of *Prestige* is now an unwelcome arrival in Canada, but not the official 14 pages missing. Two were clipped from the photo feature, *The Lady And The Sashiboy*, and the entire *Couples* section was eaten out.

What about the single hole in the

Canadian River (April 18) only managed to reduce to print the eastern impression of life in Alberta. The references to "the and here" headlines, houses with right or fine bedrooms, etc., are not typical journalistic exaggeration, something that should not be perceived as national magazine. Certainly there are a few full-blown records, but the majority of Alberta have as much in common with those persons as easterners. Perhaps it is interesting to note that the print on bathroom fixtures occupied approximately three times more space in the article than the reference to the drinker side of life in Alberta caused by increased wealth and population.

PETER BRONCK, BOWEN ALTA

While this may sound like another Alberta shaming, "the fact is that nobody understands how we really live," with us, Stephen Zwart's look at *Canadian River* with its overtones of the generosity of both Alberta's productive establishment and its government. Her so-called hints that all Albertans are suffering happily in regional areas were certainly not completely dealt.

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They're based on engineering and automotive concepts that have remained essentially unchanged the last number of years. The past is not the answer to today's and tomorrow's driving needs.

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the right way, since hardly a part of it had ever existed before. It's new from the ground up.

Naturally the Rabbit gets exceptional mileage: 45.2 miles per gallon on the highway and 30 in the city.* Unusually, the Rabbit can also give you incredible performance: 0 to 50 in a sizzling 7.7 seconds. That combination alone is unmatched by any car in the world.

The powerplant responsible for this stunning achievement is a 1.6 liter, overhead cam engine that is mounted transversely over the bonnet. We might also add that it uses fuel injection to optimize the fuel/air mixture under changing driving conditions.

Also, by putting the engine in sideways and up front over the drive wheels, we created a terrific

amount of space in the rest of the car. (A staggering 87% of the car is sheer passenger and cargo area.) To make sure everybody's comfortable in all this room, both the Rabbit's front and rear seats are orthopedically designed for maximum lower back support.

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And thanks to its rear hatchback, you can load odd-shaped items that won't fit in most other cars.

For an exhilarating ride coupled with confident road control, the Rabbit has the precision of rack-and-pinion steering, front disc



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brakes. A unique "independent stabilizer rear axle" to make the car more stable on rough roads. Plus front-wheel drive for superior road-hugging capabilities. And since it's a tough world out there, our engineers devised a superb and extensive safety package for the Rabbit. Including

an ingeniously designed crumple zone, self-restoring bumpers, reinforced steel side beams in the doors. Negative steering roll radius. It assists the driver in maintaining directional control under conditions which contribute to skidding. There's a dual diagonal brake circuit (if one circuit should go, a second one is still there).

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dealership and take a Rabbit out for a test drive. You'll be in for a fascinating trip into the future.

with by the statement that "... almost all [Albertans] are in on a piece of the action, gloriously entangled in a wilder kind of shopping spree." Alberta, like every region in Canada, is a place where some people have a great deal of money and an accompanying power. And more people have very little or none at all.

Nowhere is this better seen than in Premier Lougheed's government's treatment of students. His "income plan," while providing for the creation of an Alberta "think tank," does not include a responsible financial commitment to Alberta's universities. This year's approximately 22% increase, the students are told, will be

the rate for the future rather than the exception. Alberta's affluence, which Zwinak depicted as universal, can be more realistically seen as the wealth of a few supported by the efforts of many and the (happy?) circumstance of valuable natural resources.

GLENN WILLIAMS, EDMONTON

Does he know what it means to suffer?
Dr. Selye's code of life—"have a strong sense of self-worth and a goal in life and be necessary and useful to your fellow man"—may sound like a pious futility but *The Daily Play To Live* (April 4) fails to mention whether or not Selye is married, has had

children or is so strong, not on reading about he could talk a family as never had any. If his first sentence is the rest, Dr. Selye must be someone to talk about how to avoid stress. (Until I know all the facts on Dr. Selye, this is just another piece of medical fiction in 1977.)

DOREEN KLOCK, CALGARY

Dr. Selye has been married twice (his first marriage was annulled). As the father of five children, it's likely he's had some personal experience with stress.

You're so old as you feel!
In *Is It a Coincidence I'm Losing Weight With You?* (March 21) and *How to Live With Me* (April 4) on India's new Prime Minister, Manmohan Singh, you say that he is 39 years old, while he claims to be only 39. If he was born on February 28, 1936, then he is indeed 39 years old. The year 1960 was not a leap year—only those century years divisible by 400 are leap years.

EDWARD SEYMOUR, AGINCOURT, ONT.

Spivack's isolation

Some of the points raised in *The Halls of Asylum* (March 21) were quite valid. However, among the less justified comments was the blanket attack on solitary confinement. To begin with, isolation in itself is not an "instrument of human degradation," although degrading things can happen to prisoners in solitary confinement just as they can happen to anyone else. Large numbers of prisoners are segregated for their own protection, since they would be attacked by a few mutants were they to be kept in the general population; and whatever the reason for their being isolated, it is not unusual for prisoners to support that being out of the population for a while is a relaxing and beneficial experience. In fact, a study by Dr. Philip Zimbardo (which you quoted as a part of the attack on solitary confinement) reported that several inmates deliberately broke the regulations of the automated prison precisely in order to be put into solitary and be removed from the demands and harassment of the regular routine. To say that more than three days of solitary leads to personality distortions is not accurate, and is certainly not based on any reasonable evidence. While three days of solitary can have adverse effects on some people (just as any experience can have adverse effects on some people), there is certainly no abundance of evidence both from the experimental literature and, more importantly, from studies and autobiographical accounts of prisoners in a variety of settings, that this is by no means a universal occurrence. In fact, prisoners have been known to use isolation as an opportunity to strengthen and expand their interests.

PETER STEFELD
PROFESSOR AND HEAD
DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHOLOGY
THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA
VANCOUVER

Wandlyn who?

Almost any Manitimian can answer that one. They know that we're a Canadian company that started 21 years ago with a mere 20 rooms. Today, we're a family of hotels and resorts in all six provinces. Just recently we've opened our newest luxury hotel, the Wandlyn Blackwood Inn in Winnipeg.

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(Left to right) Torben Wittrop, Bob Hesketh, Charles Doering and Gordon Sinclair at Queen's Place

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CFRB 1010

The people people listen to

When in Quebec, do as the Quebecois do. There is no question but that English Canadians in Quebec find themselves in an unfamiliar and uncomfortable situation with their traditional nationality challenged by francophone Quebecers as was pointed out in *Quebec's English: A Frustrating Minority* (April 4). But this situation is neither novel nor unique. Has any thought been given to the position of French Canadians living outside of Quebec? We have never questioned the need to learn English in order to survive in English Canada. Why should not English Canadians living in Quebec, similarly, and as willingly, bend to the culture of the majority? It is an adaptation that must be made in any cultural area, be it Mexico, Italy, Germany, or English Canada. Why the difference of attitude toward Quebec?

There is an underlying hysteria in the attitude of English Canadians toward the present situation in Quebec, even though what is being asked of them is not unreasonable. It is an accommodation that francophones living away from French Canada are having to make all the time. The moans of English Canadians from Quebec, if such it becomes, underlines a basic unwillingness to cooperate in Quebec's cultural transformation. An unwillingness that was one of the primary driving forces behind the development of separatism in the first place.

BLAINE J. CLOUTIER, DELTA, BC

Once again, Canada's *Newsweek* has created an typical English-Canadian dish out. Doubtful we will ever come across a *Maclean's* cover depicting the "sagging" of the french-speaking *Albion*, the agony of the French-speaking *Saskatchewan*, the agony of the French-speaking *Manitoba*, the agony of the French-speaking *Ontario*, or the agony of the French-speaking *New Brunswick*. English Quebecers have been agonizing since November 15, 1876. We non-Quebec French Canadians have agonized since July 1, 1967.

PALLSBERWOOD, MINNESOTA

Though not a contemporary, we did enter a book at the *plein de French-speaking Canadians in Manitoba* in *Indigenous & Species* (April 4).

It's definitely a common one...

Anyone who studies an absurd cartoon like "grain is what makes the world tick" and assumes it fits all of us should be consigned to a lifetime of riding his penis clapping up and down Bay Street. Post-Johany Tatum can make such statements as he did in *The Turner Campaign* (March 28) and still be considered a prime contender for the leadership of this country. Post-Johany's *Turner* also includes in our dossier "I doubt that we can change men's attitudes," he says, "excluding the drive for material benefit." So there you have it folks—the "nature-overkill" argument.

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seem to solve: man is unalterable and driven by greed and that he will not change.

Turner's bubble might fit the handful of his cronies who hold power in this country: greed, indeed, motivates them, and it's in their best interests to reinforce notions about humanity's basic rush to profit. But I doubt very much whether First Journey speaks for the people who work to cast or pay mortgages or those who open up the real-estate revolving door of poverty (about 30% of Canadians), or those real-tyrants of people who are unemployed from coast to coast. It is one of the great absurdities of our times: why do we keep electing politi-

cans like First Journey Turner when it is patently obvious they do not represent the interests of the vast majority of Canadians—say, about 90% of us?

WILLIAM HUGHES, BEAVER

Also recommended by vampire hunters

It gets very wearying to read of the whining and accusations of invasion of privacy levelled by the owners of the spotlight at the periphery of the spotlight, namely the media. The latest to complain of this has been Margaret Trudeau (March 21). However, a ray of hope has appeared in *The Only Way To Live* (April 4) in which Dr. Hans Selye states that monitoring public

life is very effective means to administering drugs. Who knows? Perhaps the world is ready for gaffe-fueled bubble gum? Candy coated and in three strengths, no doubt.

OLAF KENDRICK, MC TRAIL, BC

We do not sit down for a meal

Barbara Amiel's *The Collapse Of Britain* (April 4) has a seriously damaged tone of the emigrant glad to discover that, despite every odds, the old country's had it, as he returns to Canada and count our blessings. As an immigrant from Britain I am well aware that a periodic comparison of the old and new countries goes with the state of mind amongst foreign-born ones, to Amiel's simply jumping together some eye-catching vignettes that prove the thesis she was clearly prepared to document any way she could—that Britain has had it. Instead of a thoughtful analysis, we have a catalogue of woe.

JAMES POYLE, TORONTO

I have not exactly been a fan of Maclean's, but Barbara Amiel's article on Britain has caused me to change my mind. This very real and thoughtful description of a major problem for Britain, which has great significance for Canada, should be required reading for every business, government and labor leader as well as all Canadians who wish to be well-informed. I connected Amiel and Maclean's for this outstanding achievement!

R. L. GILLEN, VICE-CHAIRMAN, INSURANCE CORPORATION OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, VANCOUVER

As one who spent his childhood and adolescence in England, I was interested in *The Collapse Of Britain*. I have attempted to reconcile familiar with events and changes that have taken place since I left and I find myself increasingly disappointed by the rather bleak tone of articles in the North American press on Britain's decline. Britain is indeed in dire straits. She is a small country with the third densest population in the world. She is only able to produce food to feed half her population and, North Sea oil notwithstanding, is rapidly running short of resources. Barbara Amiel chronicles Britain's misery in a well-deserving, thoughtful way.

She mentions continental Europe's reference to the "British Disease." It may be that, like the strain, this disease is named after the location of its first outbreak. If Amiel were to closely examine societies like Japan and Switzerland, that she holds up as examples, or indeed any of the industrial nations of the world, she could undoubtedly spot the same symptoms in varying degrees. If it may be a biological disease for Britain and the world that all the symptoms have spread together on her bedridden shores. The warning can and be heeded and the disease cured while there are resources and time left.

DAVID DRAPER, CALGARY

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Preview

There soon may not be enough of Jean Chrétien to go around

The man under the most intense bedroom pressure in Ottawa these days is Jean Chrétien, currently occupying, with unexpected durability, C. D. Howe's famous room in Trade and Commerce. Not only is he being touted to succeed Pi-

one of the city's landmarks. The company, whose \$5.5 billion in assets make it Canada's largest life firm, is increasingly nervous about the province's political climate. Senior executives were called into Sun Life's corporate library recently for a hush-hush briefing where it was suggested that they try to sell their houses in preparation for a possible move.



Chrétien: Ottawa's best? Quebec's gain? Vice-versa?

Carry on rooting

Litigation with his publishers (Dell and Doubleday) notwithstanding, Alex Haley is preparing a follow-up to his best-selling *Roots*, entitled *Seven*. The new volume will tell the story of his quest for ancestors on his father's side of the family. A third volume, to be called *Reveries*, after the town in Tennessee where Haley grew up, is also in the works.



Haley: and on dad's side...

Tales from Mother Peggy



Margaret Atwood, whose *Lady Oracle* headed last year's fiction best-seller lists in Canada, is now finishing a book in which to word exceeds one syllable. Titled *Up in The Tree*, it's aimed at the children's market (especially the under threes) and was inspired by her new daughter, Eleanor. Before she begins her next novel, Atwood is also planning to publish (with McClelland and Stewart) a new collection of short stories and a social history of Canada between 8815 and 1846.

Atwood: motherhood issues

riance Minister Donald Macdonald (due to retire next September from federal politics for a partnership in McCarthy & McCarthy, Toronto's second largest law firm) but there is a quiet movement being incited by prominent non-acquisition in Quebec to draft him as the new leader of a federalist provincial Liberal party to fight René Lévesque's referendum. In Toronto, meanwhile, leading Liberals are concerned that Macdonald's departure would further weaken their representation in cabinet (already down since last year's removal of Mitchell Sharp). They are secretly wooing several new recruits. Chief among them is Dr. John Evans, the energetic physician-administrator who is president of the University of Toronto.

The Sun also mobilizes

The next large corporate head office to leave Montreal could be Sun Life Assurance, whose wedding cake headquarters is



Fawcett: too that shy

More than you cared to know

What is being leaked is the intimate and compelling story of the marriage of Lee Majors and Fanny Fawcett-Majors will be told for the first time in a new *Grosset & Dunlop* Sensa book due in August. *Flash* time, and *Lee* (you will know Fawcett) came to Hollywood to do cover work in 1952 (got discovered) and put on the screen and how Majors, who also wanted to be in movies, had to settle for a job as Majors' coach until he got his lucky break. Majors was the first man Fawcett dated. Now that they are married, Fawcett still tries to get home to Majors so that they can eat dinner together in their Bas-Air French-style country house. When she is not on their

frank court with Majors, Fawcett apparently likes to bake chocolate chip cookies for the Sex Million Dollar Man. They drive minichug cars. Author Corrie Bernini, who wrote about Penny Marshall and Cindy Williams (Jenna and Shirley) will reveal that whenever Majors tipped into his Kentucky drawl Fawcett immediately goes into her Texas drawl. That Fawcett is a better skier than her bionic husband and that the couple at their best are enjoying in total of a roaring live, capped together listening to romantic music. There is even a full chapter on Fawcett's bant, how she puts it, how she does it. Fawcett never diets and takes vitamins.

Canada

The last of the red-hot Tories



Ontario Premier William Davis is like a Chesnut out to roasts. His first act was to pop up on the tail in front of him in the small Beechcraft airplane taken him from Toronto to southwestern Ontario for a day of executive presence. He should be nervous. He is a white-knuckler that who surreptitiously keeps track of the minute. For more important, his 32-month-old neo-conservative Tory government is about to plunge into a make-it-or-break-it election, which most voters apparently don't mind consider it necessary that here he is, choosing on a Turbo-prop streaking back the pale grey bar, beyond checks and balances by a vote. "I'm enjoying it," he says quite simply.

And that day he goes to prove it, even though he knows the odds like time left for the second half. He expects the reaction of a new Ukrainian centre, right reporters to try the doughnuts and sportsmanly nibbles of a cake at a YMCA fundraising dinner. "I will be a journalist that's what I would find it fun to write about," Whippers a smiling smile and suddenly. "He is a different man now. He

standing in the shadow. Photographs: a courtesy of New Democratic Party (St. John's).

is beginning to go by his own feelings." It's not just because the polls show that the Tories who dominated him in the last election—who very nearly ended the 33-year-old Tory rule in the province—love him again. It's also that he'll Davis, the quintessential Tory, perhaps one of the few credible Tories left in the country. Finally has an issue that allows some facing to show through the landscape of Anglo-Saxon reserve—National Unity. That night when he tells 700 Tories at a national meeting what it means to be Canadian, his usual effusive style. "I can't imagine Canada without Quebec," he says. And in private in the plane he puts back over his chest. "It [national crisis] weighs rather heavily. It's a bit of a harder load to carry along with minority government. I would tell you that knowing I had the people behind me."

Inevitably that because the theme a few days later when Davis actually called a June 9 election essentially over his government's decline in the legislature in a coalition of awkwardness but it surely because the Tories are losing for a majority and were looking for a protest. They appeal to a province where the Queen's portrait still

hangs prominently in community centres is far from the provincial strength now that the country recedes into the left on everyone's mind. Davis admires socialism in Confederation and that's an area where the Premier has some clear advantages just by being in power. Local issues will no doubt emerge. The opposition New Democrats, Party pushing forward behind the crowded gate of its leader Stephen Lewis will speak up for the 312,000 unemployed (the government made the number of unemployment at 3.5 per cent). The opposition might be considered full employment. And just what fishermen and farmers are getting health warnings about their rivers and lakes the year will continue its attack on pollution. The third-place Liberals in traditional dissent beyond their new leader Bradman provincialism. Short break will pick away in Tory advantage. Meanwhile, the Tories themselves will go forth with a budget that promises good for the private sector and provides resources to a disinterested public already pummeled into retreat by the federal government. But the underlying issue is the Tories hope is who will lead Ontario here at a time of national crisis. Ultimately the

David S. Lee



Davis (facing page), Lewis (above), and Smith (right) in a meeting. It's not that he wanted an election—perhaps he thought—but what a wonderful opportunity to save Canada!



man who represents the most stability will benefit. Says Davis: "There is unemployment and inflation, but underlying there is a concern about Canada. I don't know how it affects the vote. But it's a concern."

At 47, Davis seems to have brought up all the options on stability. In his reasoning risk takes monotony. He has come to epitomize a certain Ontario mood as Kent Leung's said, "I've lived two weeks of the opinions of Quebec and Peter Lang's level's business reflects Alberta's new-found confidence. The use of a small town lawyer, secretary to the local Tory riding association at 16, a United Church Sunday school teacher. Davis still lives in Rosedale (just outside Toronto) across the street from the house where he grew up. And when he went to the city as an aide at 29 (choosing education minister at 31), he took all the small-town virtues with him.

He is a family man of almost stereotypical simple tastes ("I like Florida for God's sake," says his brother, Toronto lawyer Elder Goodman) who is devoted to his

five children, and who moves with the big wheels without ever quite becoming one himself.

In 1971, he inherited the Tory leadership mantle and the right to govern Ontario, succeeding a long line of Tories who had each come to represent their own. George Drew (1943-1949), tall and aristocratic, Leslie Frost (1949-1961), a benevolent distaste presiding over a decade of building, John Roberts (1961-1971), the gruff "father of the house," whose main concern was how to spend money. And now Davis, perhaps the last of the dynasty, the compromiser: the careful pragmatist who has to manage a province suffering from the accumulated mistakes of the past and the pressures of the future. Davis who is an established provincialist, that at the end of a recent trip to Israel he told a reporter, "There is still a place in the world I'd rather raise my children than Ontario." Davis, who like most Ontarians is a bit of a snob, "a Canadian first, an Ontarian second." Davis who almost certainly will be pressured to succeed federal Conservative leader Joe Clark if he wins the election and if Clark's fortunes plunge much lower.

When Quebec's Parti Québécois scored an explosive election victory November 15, Davis' response was typical. He would wait and see. There was no use getting excited. This would all take time. When Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and Quebec Premier René Lévesque became adversaries with each other, Davis's statesman's garb, chided them for "heating up" the issue and advised them to "talk to one another, not yell" life, instead, would try to set an example. He talked of how well Ontario treated its 100,000 francophones pointed out that 100,000 schoolchildren attended French schools (although it was not until 1960 that these schools actually had legal status) and spoke of how new immigrants were being given an introduction to French culture. He threatened a Windsor hospital of workers, which was refusing to build a French language high school, with legislation to force it to do so. But this was never passed because the election was called. Quickly a lot was done up to put Ontario's efforts, no matter how inaccurate, in the best possible light. There was everything from a French language court project in Sudbury to bilingual health, death and marriage certificates.

In February when Davis and his family visited Quebec's Winter Carnival, he held a long French with Lévesque in the legal case building. Later the two stood chatting and smiling before reporters and cameras. The good neighbors "they had decided to 'agree to disagree' as they put it. They would 'tool it' and keep the lines of communication open. But in a discussion to come in the springing up of a security, it didn't take long for the very real differences to show. First came Ontario's white paper on language which, among other things, guaranteed the right of English Chris-

ness to English language education of the first month in Quebec. Then Quebec published statistics that showed Confederation had cost the province \$4.3 billion over the past 10 years. The province was now a net economic beneficiary. Finally it was time to turn the slow-moving doors to racialize its spending to 42-year-old challenges. On the one hand, the province was showing that in the past 10 years Quebec received an \$100 million an equalization payment—a "no-brainer" and irreversible measure of that province's economic dependence on the rest of Ontario meanwhile had generated a federal surplus of \$26 billion for redistribution to other provinces in the past 10 years. And now the province was claiming that it was more profitable than a high-tech industry by \$200 million in 1974—such had Quebec by 1989 million. The idea, being proposed by Quebec and using such data and figures, was to show that the province was now simply "too healthy," said Davis. "The sympathy, the sense of feeling, I don't think would be there if the only issue was the white money. People would become

It is not surprising that apart from the Trans-Canada League "advisory" list, Galt's name has seldom appeared on the future of Confederation has been examined. The *Canadian Encyclopedia*, Ontario has taken the lead in such discussions, representing the rest of the provinces. Canada to Quebec, led on one thing at least: Quebec's role in the formation of the present Confederation parallels with that of 30 years ago when Confederation was also under discussion, mostly because of many of the questions and many of the answers were the same. One of David's first actions was to re-issue the Advisory Committee on Confederation (first a corporation from 1865 to 1971) and since again the leadership was in the hands of the National Association of Youth University, formerly chief Ontario movement. And once again, Galt's role was a conference to provide a forum where solutions might emerge. This was, in fact, the first of a series of conferences held by Toronto's York University.

But Dams faces much more to gain and difficult loss. "The action upon is much clearer," says Macdonald, who is responsible for the conference. One is the unusual emphasis of 1967 when the former Ontario premier John Robarts convened the Confederation of Tomorrow Conference bringing together the Canadian premiers before a live television audience. It was shortly after that things started to deteriorate. The confederate took up through years of federal-provincial negotiations. It became postponed when the prime minister's government was overthrown in 1968 and was scheduled to produce a new charter at the Victoria conference. Since then, says Dams' predecessor John Roberts, "Treason has preempted the right of everybody to speak. It used to be a Canadian debate with



What this process needs is a



Donle flanked by daughter Gailly and wife Kathleen at the Quebec Winter Carnival as none of this 'agreeing to disagree'

everyone involved, but now it is polarized between Ontario and Quebec." People in government—such as Macdonald—watched as their Quebec counterparts—such friends as Quebec Finance Minister Jacques Parizeau—slowly turned to separatism. "It watched them slowly burden," he says. "It was like a huge chain of the birth of separatism. I guess I should feel differently about them because after all they were taking something away from the country I believe in. But people are people and you can't take away the past."

Even this upcoming conference (with 400 delegates from all walks of life invited) is planned as a nonpolitical event, almost an admission that politicians and govern-

means have failed and it's time to listen to the people. Perhaps it's also an admission that it would be next to impossible to get the parameters to sit around a table in such a friendly fashion again.

Quintanilla himself, whose program was once dubbed "the rich uncle of Oursario" is in a different position. In unquestioned preeminence in the country is his place. The political focus is in Quintanilla, and the "economic factor of life" in Oursario's part, "have moved west." And yet Oursario's position in the debate remains pivotal and the ethical power may ultimately be beneficial. "Oursario won't be subject to the temptation that it would be the big stick or run the whole show," says Macdonald.

As the election process begins to spread on lawns and billboards across the province, they probably won't carry messages about national unity. Davis has said re-

passedly (as have the other leaders) that Confederates must not become a partisan issue although that didn't stop Revenue Minister Margaret Scrivener from accusing the war of having "sympathy for the Park Quilombo." Nevertheless it remains to issue the leaders must deal with. Says Davis: "When I leave prison I would like to feel we have done all we can do for the army of this country. I'll lead that feeling in my own consciousness, then that will inspire me." ANGELA FERRARI

ANIELA FERRETE

THE N.W.T.

Very troubled waters

For Canada, the spectacular blowout of the North Sea oil well last month was much more than a drama on the high seas. It was an ominous prelude to two major Arctic energy decisions facing the federal government: whether to allow drilling for oil to continue in the Beaufort Sea and whether to build a Mackenzie Valley pipeline. The North Sea blowout caused a serious debate to put off a decision on the Beaufort Sea. Then a few days later, Judge Thomas Berger modified the picture even more with his report on the potential impact of the pipeline, a devastating critique that chokes the whole Arctic energy future into slush.

After 19 months of hearings that took Bayer to 34 active communities in the Northern Territories, it was no surprise that the British Columbia judge ruled against Bayer. He found that the intensity of his attack drew a body blow to the plans of Canadian Arctic Gas Pipeline Ltd. (CAGPL), the Canadian-American consortium seeking to build the central gas pipeline from the Mackenzie River to the Mackenzie Delta to the coast, alongside the Mackenzie River. It was the second such blow in less than a year, after CAGPL's first proposal was struck by the U.S. Federal Power Commission, which was unable to come to agreement on the pipeline proposal and two of the four communities opted for an alternate route. The report also leaned toward the alternate route known as the "Alaska" proposal, and raised fears of a future sabotage of the pipeline and irreparable environmental damage to the Mackenzie Valley now in extremely hot debate.

Still to be heard from is Canada's National Energy Board (NEB), which is due to report next month. EAGM is confident the NEB will back its proposal. The final decision will then rest in the hands of the Canadian government. The U.S. government will accept either proposal but wants a decision made quickly, says Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau. He has promised President Jimmy Carter a decision will be made by September 1.

A decision on the Beaufort Sea must be made much sooner, as the drilling ships are ready to move in this summer. For Dome Petroleum, the company seeking the drill-

By permit, the leasing of the North Sea shelf would not have been easy. Last year, Dome got permission to drill during the summer months after agreeing to a \$10-million cost cap and a \$10-million insurance policy in the event of an oil spill. The third fact is—Dome believes there could be 60 billion barrels in the southern North Sea—over twice conventional estimates. But this year, the plan to drill in the North Sea has been cancelled with a third—since, though the gas would happen at a well-in production and contain no explosive gas. In some cases, drilling could take six days after the North Sea drilling permit is granted. The British Ministry of Energy, however, has announced postponement of any decision regarding Dome. He would say until he had a chance to study the Norwegian case.

There are many who believe that the year 2000 will be the year of the North Sea. And suddenly, the possibility existed that Dome, which has already extracted more than \$200 million in the Beaufort explorations, will not be allowed to drill again this summer. The big question for the Norwegian government is whether the North Sea is a source of energy or a source of environmental disaster. The North Sea is the heart of the world's oil industry, and the North Sea is the heart of the world's oil industry.



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query), particularly since Berger comes down hard in emphasizing governmental constraints.

The operational difficulty is that once with the most up-to-date technology available there is simply no way that Domec can assure the Federal Cabinet that non-Blomendin won't occur, creating havoc with the fragile northern ecology. Says Environment Minister Kambo Lettice: "Ideally we would prefer that there is no drilling, because of the dangers involved." But Domec sold exploration permits in the drilling competition in the early 1980s, long before environmental concerns were raised. Now, the Federal Cabinet is faced with a choice. The cost of a \$12-million study revised last year, raises the prospect of a spill occurring late in the drilling season, when oil could flow unchecked for more than a year. A fence could pass the first ecological balance was replaced.

Native groups present some of the strongest arguments against the drilling. Sam Kidd, president of the Commissioner for Original Peoples' Elderships (COPE), has fought Dorena from the beginning and says that if the company is allowed to drill the semester, "I'm not going to scream. You can't win by screaming or yelling. I'm going to talk them [Dorena] to death." He worries about what will happen when the oil is gone, and perhaps the fish and animals too. "Once you take away the food, the people die. What can you do? You can't control," he says. The last Tapanos of Canada, another native group, recently asked for a halt to the drilling as well. "With a few-year federal study on oil spill technology is finished."

Finally, announced in April and called as seven million dollars, will try to come up with solutions for generating and sustaining a new, more realistic and more possible task. New technology and strategies have yet to be mapped out for effectively cleaning up contaminated shores, and tracking and safely withdrawing the oil. The report also says that the study's scientists, that "even with the most sophisticated data, one should not expect managers to be able to deal with a large spill in Arctic waters." He says that the report's authors are not saying that the Coast Guard is not very good, due to a lack of knowledge, a lack of technology, a lack of experience and, until recently, a lack of resources and planning. A draft of the report is being reviewed by the Navy in the hopes of dealing with a major oil spill in the future, but one movement must address that with existing technologies because the document's only advantage is that it is realistic. "We have to know what we don't know when we don't know it," says a senior

But Domec, relatively confident of going ahead, is quietly getting ready for the summer Reconnaissance flights by Environment Canada over Beauport this month (prior to an early breakup of ice, drill sites could possibly move into location during late June or early July. Many are convinced

By Dimple Dhanraj—roughly 600 people are employed, including 70 to 100 native people. Dione has even encouraged the bank of Commerce to open a branch there, says Taki Oloakale, the first bank ever to enter the community in much-needed insurance and a subtle suggestion of newfound prosperity. And besides, Dione's port on the coast certainly can't leave people exposed the drinking, which could bring pest and prosperity to the North. As one native person in an assessment of Taki's drilling in the Beaufort Sea says, "Young people [in the North] want shovels, back-ho, cranes, trucks and hot dogs, not fish and seal and walrus."

PARK

Returns the visit

[illegible][illegible]

The day before his arrival, federal Health Minister Marc Lalonde, who happened to be on his own official visit to Paris at the time, complained that Quebec had

**A hair grows in
Winnipeg. And
Edmonton. And...**

resists once and again state would present it. Hoppenstein, the father of modern medicine, suggested "exams made from hemorrhoids and algae" as treatment might be more effective, while in the United States during the last century Dr. Green-Span, if decided that a cancer patient's life was at stake, would prescribe "the treatment of the prostate gland by balloon." It was clear that Hoppenstein was talking about a procedure that he believed was one that had been tried in prehistoric history. But Raymond Kain is confident he can successfully treat the problem that aches doctors, surgeons, quacks and others who have tried everything, especially a large number of failures, without surgery. He says that he has only seen something like his growing business is so successful that his brother, Charles Kain of Hair and Skin Products Ltd., are popping up in most major cities across the west and are now opening offices in Toronto and Ottawa.

Kline's method relied heavily on his conviction that his "patients" need constant measurements that have a reality appearing on barren levels, with the result that in some cases, he'd suffer a chronic attack. "I was expecting to die," Kline said. "Blood test after blood test, glucose here, his cancers, in fact, a cancer made up of forty cancer incidents, with hot knots being applied to the heart before the cancer could spread." Kline said he willingly played the role of a doctor for the thirty months or even daily treatments to maintain or acquire "a crown of glory."

No one has been able to prove that his formula is harmful, the federal Department of Health said. "The federal health chemists shouldn't hurt," but Kline is suspicious. He is not a doctor and so cannot legally claim, as he once advertised, to treat medical conditions, including cancer. "I was told that the cancer was once closed down by my good and Drug Discontinue. He recovered the next



day, but was brought to court again for misleading advertising policies and was forced to pay a \$900 fine. From this experience he seems to have learned the nuances needed to get around the law.

Dr. Roy is Piche, a signer of the Alberta College of Physicians and Surgeons, says he's been told that Klein will sue him for libel after he (Dr. Piche) was quoted as saying that if people are stupid enough to put cream on their heads without knowing

But it is in their free time that they do the work. "Some people are very busy," says Kamen. "I've seen people who would love to protect people if they have so much sanity that they want to spend hundreds of dollars, who are we to stop them?"

If Kamen is taking anyone for a ride with his magic talents, they are not complaining too loudly. Those who sent a letter after 15 weeks can get their money back. Kamen says he has received a letter of \$9,390, says he wants to be completely in ginkgo and for. But there is one catch: if they want to keep those new ginkgos, which they re-plant they saw in the mirror patients must remain faithful to Kamen's Herbs of Soul Specialties Ltd. for even a few more years. Most doctors, says Kamen, are not that much into it. "The patients are the only ones sure for common business is correction."

DAVID SHEPHERD

American Press Club where he made his strongest denunciation yet of Quebec's place in Confederation—describing it as “the curving relationship of dependence” and “a regime concerned to put us in a state of political subordination.” McGowan is generally so unbiased that his address struck me as not much warmer in tone.

But even as France struggled under a series of massive strikes, several democratic and a confidence vote in the National Assembly which threatened to topple the government of Prime Minister Raymond Barre and spark early elections, Giscard took time to talk to Mitterrand for nearly an hour—half an hour longer than scheduled—(guesting the man who was the architect of the Paris Commune protest referendum clause in English or just how and where the note would be taken). Then in a striking departure from presidential policy and a gesture that can mean more ominous things in the demagogic of

phency, Giscard allowed himself to be photographed for the first time with someone other than a head of state. Mitterrand met other French ministers, including Secretary of State for External Affairs Pierre-Christophe Thévoz, who, dining at official dinner at the Quebec delegation (hosted with Mitterrand) the night of people to self-determination.

China Getz and Maria in Paris: what was the other fellow's name? Philbert

he almost sparked something of an international incident and demonstrated that the Canadian government was not the only one when it came to political posturing. He was also the only member of the Parti's caucus to express his personal opinion and not speak for Pierre. Michel de Villa, Charbon's widely noted Quebec law firm partner and financial adviser for corporate giants in government (an independence-driven opponent to the central bank), was also a political rival. General Charbon also personally lashed out at the Parti's Quebec leader, Jean Charest, for even acknowledging the presence of the municipal unit fully 10 minutes after the Charests began his remarks. Believing himself to be the most vocal of the group, he had studied a list of Charbon's words. Later, in what appeared to be pure coincidence, Charbon's words were also the first to be uttered in the official debate on the former peace matter is no longer a representative of the movement).

Morin promptly left the Chénier occupation for a quick pilgrimage to the Charlevoix Quebec Institute, an ancient house on the left bank dedicated to keeping alive the memory of the men whose shadow hovered unthinkably over the entire war. In the house's old office, where a red string-gauge across a globe in trace on the celebrated Quebec ferry, Morin passed for a moment and then, in a classic understatement, observed that the old secret

"Five to Quarter mile" had given a "sort of historic acceleration to the movement in Quebec." MARK VILLBERG

QUEBEC

The warm-up game

It was the last day of April, and in the Liberal party headquarters on Main Street in Rouen, Quebec, Marcel Lessard, federal Minister of Regional Economic Expansion and veteran skipper of opponents was trying to stir up the crowd. They were gathered to see Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, but he had just delivered a low-key speech and Lessard wanted to make sure the message was clear: Vote Liberal in the upcoming by-election, he urged, and "prove to the rest of the country that northwestern Quebec wants to stay in Canada."

It was a strange Leonard speech. But more importantly, it represented the Liberal campaign theme for five by-elections in Quebec on May 26. The Liberals have called the by-elections all in predominantly francophone ridings, a "vote-refresher" on the subject of separation. Conservative Urban Affairs Minister André Dufresne, coordinator of the Liberal campaign, "Our strategy is to say that among the four [federal] parties we're the best ones to maintain national unity."

However, on Miss Sam's in Rayon, the biggest town in René Caenn's old riding of Témiscouata's par. the people are not talking about national unity but about jobs. A series of economic setbacks has left the region with an unemployment rate over 20%.

Elsewhere the story was the same, with local media demanding the by-elections. Campaigns in Terrebonne, a suburban-rural riding north of Montreal, the annual flooding caused by a local river was a big issue. In Verdun, Mayor Michaud's left federal riding on Montreal Island, the local government and its alleged failings were the focus. In Longueuil, Jean Michaud's old Quebec City riding, people were talking about economic high rise and export-oriented development. One of the upstart candidates in the riding of Louis-Hébert, a suburban Quebec City, pointed by professionals and academics from U. of Q. and Concordia, had maternal unity developed as a major issue.

Perhaps missing this turn of events, Trudeau himself publicly performed an about-face in last week's *by-elections*. Asked at a press conference last January whether he would consider the by-elections as a referendum, he said "yes," and added: "It's certain that whatever my own stance may be, the [by-election results] will be interpreted as the first democratic expression by Quebecers on the problem of Quebec and Confederation since the November 15 [specialized] election." Asked last month, however, whether he still considered the by-elections to be a non-referendum, he replied: "I have never considered their by-elections as a

Malawi's opposition leader, **Mwai Chimwanda** (for *Prince Edward Island*), all the more incensed by **Angus MacLean**, a member of the **MPs** who was just last year to become **Con** president leader in **PEU**. His response was scathing. **Angus** (he **MacQueen**) was expected to receive the **Nat** (not ruling).



China (Jeff) and Kevin in Perle what was the other fellow's name? Pelote

the announcement seemed deliberate. A visibly miffed Morris said Tradex's visit was not a coincidence, and called Lohndy's

charges ahead. "I don't see what all the fuss is about. If they only are turning the tables on high profile," he said. The press and the diplomatic corps had grudgingly picked over each inflection of French protocol for the slightest indication of a slur that might send Pom-Pom's reflexes racing back to the chilly De Gaulle days. But Ottavio appeared misanthropic more relaxed as the Eliseo kept its welcome as a discreet, benevolent neutrality and as Monti more than lived up to his determination to keep the curfew-key. Even to those in the Auditor





Lapointe (above), Edmondson (top), and Delors for an election that is not a referendum. The Liberals especially are running as if it just might be.



may referendum, nor have I ever said I did."

Nevertheless, the Liberals poured a lot of more money and human resources into the highly and Trudeau himself scheduled campaign for the five ridings during the last week, although it is usually considered too risky for a prime minister to put his prestige on the line in a by-election. But Quebec inside Trudeau's constituency is considered a hotbed of the opposition in campaign time.

But for the Liberals it was like peaching air because their actual opponent, the Parti Québécois wasn't running. The *Québécois* were in the background, however. Always happy to help knock off a Liberal—even if it means an unlikely alliance with the Tories—dual Parti Québécois was reportedly active in at least two thirds of the by-election ridings behind Conservative candidates. In Louis-Hébert, Conservative Jean-Louis Lapointe said that he had dozens of *Québécois* working for him and his campaign signs looked suspiciously like the *q*. There were also reports that the *q* was backing the Conservative candidates in Terrebonne and Langley. Said Jean-Yves Manguin, executive director of the federal Liberals in Quebec: "We know that the *q* is involved in these ridings, but we don't want to start a fight on that score."

Conservative MP Ronc L'Esclapart, president of the party in Quebec, arrives early in Parti Québécois district. He describes the vibrant activist Bernard Landry as "an old friend" and has been free to mix with various PQ officials. He claims that any deal had been struck between the Conservatives and the *q*, but he couldn't deliver the campaign. "It's possible that some PQ members will want to join us in Terrebonne, for example, to defeat the Liberal candidate. I don't want to release their help."

The Tories went hoping the informal alliance would produce the same results as in the 1973 by-election in Montreal's Hochelaga riding, where anti-socialist Conservative Jacques Lussier upset prominent Liberal Pierre Parizeau, the provincial citizens' manager who was prosecuted over the contest. Lussier, the Conservative now again, had the active support of the *q* in the area.

The Conservative best chance for a repeat of this upset seemed to be in Terrebonne. After winning out more than two dozen progressive candidates in the riding, the Liberals were saddled with Roland Cormier, a former socialist. Cormier used to be the star for Terrebonne but resigned last year to run in the provincial election. He was dethroned by Jacques Pausanias, leaving him with the dull look of a loser. But the Conservatives, too, had problems. They were weak with Roger Delors, a broadcaster whose non-Schmebke writings and comments were coming back to haunt him. Three years ago, Delors said on radio that "Zionism is Nazism and racism." Zionism rhymes with racism. Zionism is synonymous with Nazism and totalitarianism with racism and it repeats it again. "Shameless waste these statements could be with Conservative policy, a such a horrible pro-Israel."

Conservative leader Joe Clark said he talked the matter over with Delors and

was satisfied that the broadcaster accepts Conservative policy on Israel. Said Joe Clark: "I understand under the law is the Progressive Conservative Party. That's the only comment I will make."

In Verdun, the Liberals soundered out Phil Edmondson, the Nazi-style communist advocate (see page 39) on their candidate but he preferred to run for the New Democrats vote. It was a tough decision. The Liberals named instead to Raymond Soward, a career vice owner and municipal councillor who is running as a candidate for his record in City Hall. Said Soward: "I'm not Santa Claus. Because you're at City Hall, people think you can do anything." But Soward was likely to win because the Tories were in disarray in the riding and Edmondson was starting from too far back (he won just 7.1% of the vote in 1970).

In Louis-Hébert, the New Democrats thought they had lined up a winner, their first ever in Quebec, as Judge Robert Cloutier, a left hero in the province since his well-publicized inquiry into the violence-ridden construction industry. But under pressure from his family, Cloutier pulled out at the last minute and the Liberals were expected to retain the seat with their young candidate, Denise Thériault, 37, president of the local Catholic school board.

In Langley, the Liberals got the candidate they wanted in Quebec City, Mayor Gilles Lamontagne. But the Tories also had a strong candidate in Maurice Hamel, son of a former Quebec City mayor. The Conservatives won just 11.2% of the vote in 1974.

In Terrebonne, Crétien's Gilles Gauthier was running to succeed his father, René, leader of the Social Credit Party until he died last December. An early victory seemed assured, although the Conservatives put up a strong candidate in Norman Girard, a top criminal lawyer and local wheels dealer. Girard, a liberal, said he was coming in as a member of the Los Angeles Dodgers to endorse him as a liberal. But the Conservative vote was almost nonexistent (2.1% in 1974), a tough base on which to build, even with such conservative issues. Whatever the outcome, the Liberal majority in the House of Commons was secured. Giving into the by-elections they held 135 seats compared to the opposition parties' 123.

The Liberals were likely to repeat their performance of the 1974 general election when they won four of the five ridings, Terrebonne being the exception. A loss of just one of the four would be viewed as a setback while losing two or more, would be a disaster. In 1974, the Parti Québécois is an effort to help elect Conservatives. Protest Toronto: "We are not fighting the Parti Québécois, we are fighting the Tories and perhaps the *q* and certainly the Crétienists are not riding." But nobody really believed it.

Don Langhorne
WITH CORRESPONDENT REPORTS

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Marriage on the rocks

When the ties that bind, don't—what next?

By Michael Posner

We're a family, a family,
Each like the other,
Sister, brother, father, mother
And the dog came later on,
And to do the cat and the polkaish
And the north and the flag.
We're really a perfectly ordinary,
Ordinary family."
—Suzanne Street song

For a growing number of North Americans, that lyrics must now be strangled around. They evoke an image of financial bliss and suburban success—a starkly different reality. Today, the perfectly ordinary family is not simply imperfect, it is traumatic—ravaged by divorce, separation and desertion. Staggering levels of parental discord have entered a new world from the young, with little room for denial, moral disavowal, drag-along and wretched defense as at all-time highs. The collective malaise of the modern family has become a subject of gross public concern and intense professional debate. At best, the social barometers seem to suggest that the family is an institution under siege. At worst, in the words of Cornell University sociologist Urie Bronfenbrenner, "there are mounting indications that the family, as we know it, is falling apart."

Bronfenbrenner's viewpoint is perhaps extreme, the sort of neatly packaged hypothesis that goes down well at academic symposiums on *The Family in America*. In his view, the family is a social unit, and, indeed, many would observe and agree to optimize, the family may be in a crisis, they argue, but it is not collapsing, merely changing its form. Nor, they believe, will it ever disappear. "The nuclear family will be with us forever," insists University of Alberta sociologist Lyle Larson. "Human society needs it. I know there's a lot of hysteria around, but I see conflict as healthy. It keeps us on the cutting edge of existence. Without it, family life would be boring."

Yet the statistical evidence of family decline is persuasive—a body of empirical data singularly damning and cumulatively tragic. Considered in total, it constitutes a shocking indictment of Western cultural values. Since 1960, more than 10 million Americans have been the victims of the West's impending Armageddon.

In 1975, for example, more than one million American marriages ended in divorce—double the 1966 figure and almost double the 1950 level. Almost one out of 10 U.S. marriages now lead to divorce—

often before the age of 10 and often among couples that profess devout faith. Canada's divorce figures are no less alarming—up 385% in the decade 1965-75. And in Quebec—with only the nation's third highest divorce rate, up 252% in the past four years. The Split, whether by divorce, separation or desertion, has yielded a new social phenomenon and a new family form—the single parent. In Canada, the number of single parent families—conservatively estimated at 500,000—is growing at triple the rate for the dual parent unit. In Toronto's central core, one of every two elementary school pupils now lives with only one parent. Part of this trend is explained by a sharp rise in illegitimacy. In Canada, the national illegitimacy rate is now 105 and climbing.

While families dissolve at a dizzying pace, new family formations seem almost inert. Canada's birthrate is now 15.7 births per 1,000 population—almost half what it was a generation ago. The nuclear family is shrinking: the typical Canadian family now comprises 3.6 people—versus 4.4 per family 35 years ago. As the labor force swells with single and married women alike, fewer couples are marrying, more are deferring parenthood and an increasing number are embracing child rearing altogether.

Even those who choose to bear children frequently delegate the parental role. Grandparents increasingly are consigned to adolescence as retirement wages. Few seem to be preoccupied in pursuit of material success that they spend—one study found—an average of only 20 minutes a day with their one-year-old infants. And others in domestic members are going back to work. In the United States, nearly one mother in three is now working. Inevitably, then, children are being raised by those with no emotional stake in their proper development, despite centuries-old wisdom that mothers by 30% usually—schools, baby-sitters, peer groups and the home parent, television. Preschoolers, it is said, spend an astonishing 50 hours a week watching the screen.

Moreover, TV reinforces the child's emerging perception of sexuality. And what he typically sees on the screen are families in chaos. At every economic level, *CAR* in *The Family Movie*, *The Jeffersons*, family life is a state of surrealism, surviving only through comical relief. Significantly, shows that depict more positive environments are invariably retooled. *Happy Days* turns back to the

quiescent Fifties, and *The Waltons* depicts an extended Depression family, an antidote to the realities it would off the eyes of viewers. *Happy Days* and *The Waltons* are two of television's most popular shows, reflecting, perhaps, a national nostalgia for the easy certainties of the past.

But by and large, marital discord is not only the way of the world—it's more visible, brutal. Rhoda and Joe can't stay together, no elaborate monologue is required for their sudden separation. After all, as every viewer knows, it happens all the time. A new object is inserted above the marital bed. "You sleep and you're alone and you'll be lonely and loving as long as we feel like it."

The effect of television on children is a topic of extreme speculation. But it is less the presence of TV than the combined release of parental affection and authority that seems offensive enough to turn-again into moral vandals and drug dealers. Isolated in a moral vacuum, many children as a result never form any strong identification with their parents—and, hence, in the words of American historian Christopher Lasch, "other-directed" adults, more concerned with their own pleasure than with leaving their mark on the world."

Parental failure to provide a sense of unwavering values produces children without roots. Says Lethbridge sociologist Milton Boldt: "They become disoriented. They realize it's not trying to do better but to believe in such social things to win grad school. This is strange—senseless. They don't know what the norms are and grow up confused."

Confusion is the least of it. Increasingly, the absence of parentally imposed ethical standards yields far more disturbing consequences. Since 1960, Canada's suicide rate in the 15 to 19-year-old category has almost quadrupled. "Those who experience family disintegration," says Milton Boldt, "are over-represented in the statistics." In the United States, juvenile crime is up 345% in the last decade; an estimated 13 million American school children are confirmed alcoholics; and across the nation among the young has reached epidemic proportions.

Can divorce and separation be blamed for all this? Not entirely. "Accidents," as Charles Decker is quoted, "will occur in even the best regulated families"—in no way implying that the marriages changed with personal factors that survive "because of the kids." But the weakening mother, liberated at last from diapers and delinquents, created





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more problems than she's solved? Not only, the best evidence suggests that children of women who work for the right causes (economic pressures, career growth, self-identity) are better off—less dependent, more resilient. But when women work to escape the responsibilities of motherhood, children suffer. SKL's disproportionate number of delinquent sons are consumed by children of broken homes. The view, most social scientists suspect, holds true for other antisocial behavior. Explains Toronto psychologist Vivian Rakoff: "People who are embedded in a family, embedded in a community, people who know who they are and where they're going, don't kill themselves."

*I have no need of friendship;
friendship costs too much.
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I am a rock.
I am a child.
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And an island near you.
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According to an old proverb, the family that plays together, stays together. But the modern family seldom plays together. In



nuclear has been scorned. Father has looked his only squash game. Mother is off doing Yoga or aerobics. The children are—around, drinking from rights with their skateboards in the double driveway. Loyalty to old superstities all other rules, and merriment is the catchword of the decade. Reincarnating from the revolutionary rhetoric of the Sixties, the current generation of narcissists and singles stills have become passionate rebels, not living making more from life than psychic health.

The more you know about this



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The solution, for some, is no kids

Their numbers are uncertain and their motives vary widely, but more and more young couples from Kismet to Corner Brook are raising children. Through inactivity and total isolation they have made choosing an impossible option. This past president of the National Organization for Non-parents (born in Canada is) Louise Robertson, 35, an American who moved to Toronto in 1974 with her husband, James.

"I don't know how many of us there are across the country," says Robertson. "Hundred, I suspect." Vancouver and British Columbia have their own chapters. There are 34 chapters in the United States. About 5% of the national membership are couples with children, but none in our chapter has kids. About half have had experience in parent-childhood. I had my first child three years ago. I was 22 and had already been married three years. Many people say "How could you make such a major decision at such a young age?" But many more people have babies at an even earlier age. And you can't have an early baby. My decision is not nearly as irrevocable as the decision to have a child. The decision to sterility is far less serious. I can always adopt. There's plenty of children around to love. Why did I do it? Because I don't want children. I don't want that option in my life. My husband and I have, in our families, long histories of stress, heart disease, asthma. The odds on producing a child with health problems, therefore, were good.

"I worked as a child care worker for 18 months. It confirmed my opinion that I would not make a good parent. I don't have patience with children. I don't like



being involved in playtime. It's just not where my world is at.

"Our organization does not discourage parenthood. On the contrary, we set very high standards for it. If you're tired of heights, you don't become a sky diver. I would not want to be a mediocre parent. But our membership does charge, so I suppose there are some who have children at heart and bear children."

"I don't decide when I was still a teenager that I wouldn't have children. I did a lot of baby-sitting. I don't think you should ever have a kid until you've taken care of other people's kids. Right now, I'm giving sterility counseling. Aaron is in moving sales. But I've worked as a prison guard and at a home for emotionally disturbed children. My job is things I'm strongly committed to. I would not give up something I enjoy for something I would not enjoy. A family is two people, though a lot of people can't accept that."

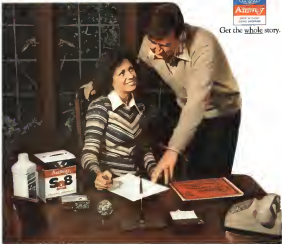
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and a sex. "A growing despair of changing society," observes Christopher Lasch, "most of understanding it" has generated on the one hand a revival of old-time religion and on the other a cult of esoteric consciousness, health and personal growth. People have concerned themselves first with pleasures in possible self-fulfillment: getting in touch with their feelings, eating health foods, studying ballet or belly dancing, unearthing themselves in the wisdom of the East, jogging, learning to meditate. To live for the moment in the prevailing games—no live for the scientist, not your professors or parents.

But happiness does not come easily. One has to work at it, and there are obstacles even in the status, influence, sexuality fulfillment. City magazine publishes "worn-out guides," in which the focus of the species depending on picking one's way prudently across urban battle zones, avoiding disease-bearing sports of mind and dying loneliness. The trick is to limit the memory of risk, the only realization here is that people the fittest survive by severing all ties. Parents, friends, wives, lovers, children hover at fixed remove, like satellites in orbit. Says historian Lasch, "A society which has lost its future is not likely to give much attention to the needs of the next generation. Whereas parents formerly sought to live vicariously through their offspring, now they tend to resent them as intrusions and in every-day youth. For nearly, the young sought to escape the mother's embrace of the older generation, but now are more likely to complex of emotional neglect."

Devotions from the truth of the bloodless marriage resistance, and we have had enough of that these days
—Carl Jung

Still, if the modern family were a stock market, Wall Street analysts might say it had bottomed out. Increasingly, those who follow the family's fortunes are bullish. They do not deny negative indicators, they simply insist that other indicators must be considered. When all the data is read, they say, the family is still a good investment. And beyond hard data, there is barely "I hear a certain rattle in the wind," says Toronto's Nina Rubin. "All around, the metaphor is changing, as if people were saying, 'The time of searching for myself. Let us sort with some certainties for a while.'"

Whoever the statistical trends, it is certain that—at the Chinese philosopher Mencius said a few thousand years ago—the family is the root of the state. It is certain that five million Canadian families, and perhaps 30 million in the United States, are alive, well and living in relative equilibrium. A majority of families still comprise two parents and at least one child who belong to flourishing kinship networks. As York University's Theodore Olson puts it: "Whatever else it may be, the

family is still the best bet in a world gone individualist."

Statistically, too, the proportion of people's lives outside a family situation is smaller than ever. In Canada at least, the divorce rate appears to have peaked. With increasing frequency, divorce is unmythical. In any event, the divorce rate—a ratio of the number of divorces to the number of new marriages—has never provided a totally accurate picture. "What we usually want to know," says University of Toronto sociologist Norman Bell "is how many divorces there are for every 1,000 years of marriage. Measured that way, the assumed increase in the divorce rate is

much less than it seems."

Moreover, with more freedom to choose when one will marry, or whether to marry at all, those who do make one make a more sensible choice and the likelihood of stability will increase. And, studies show that the future expectations of young people involved, across time or another second traditional family life. A survey of Canadian college students shows that a majority will want children and many desire three or more. Although couples are having fewer children, the number of children couples is awarded is lower than it was in the turn of the century—before the 1940s. Another study reports that raising a young kid con-

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rank visiting among friends, co-workers and neighbors. Of 108 married children surveyed, 75% visited parents living in the same metropolitan area at least once a week. Phone and later contact for out-of-town parents is equally frequent. Concludes a four-year University of Southern California research team: "The bond wrapping over the decline of the family is absolute salience."

More subtle signs confirm this analysis. The phenomenal success of the TV series *Roseanne* (and Alex Haley's literary opus of the same name) has spurred a new American industry: genealogy. Sales of books on how to find your pedigree are booming. A



New Jersey surgeon has just published a 700-page volume that traces his origins back to 16th-century Padua. Saddled, discussing the family tree is a new weekend sport. In the end, one's identity may have more to do with all with who your ancestors were than with transcendental meditations, 15-mb ram or whole wheat bread. Part of this resurgence is undoubtedly faddish: the media has a knack for exploring social drift. In March we announced plans for a special 90-minute discussion of *Forever Known* that, perhaps the closest problem-resolution family drama. The original cast will appear



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But there are other indications. Adopted children are searching for their true parents. Racial controversies are videotaping abuse to young Jews. Young people are "adopting" grandparents. New schools are being built near old people's homes. "Clearly," says Norman Bell, there is a deep longing to place oneself in a family lineage, a family context.

Among young Americans, that longing is manifested in the unprecedented growth of fundamentalist religions: Pentecost, Protestantism, Catholic Charismatic Renewal, Baptist and Anglican prayer groups, Hasidism among Jews. All offer and insist upon strict codes of ethical be-

havior, the very standards many of today's youngsters grew up without. Says Rabinoff: "Any religion will do, but the sadder the better. Because then you can pretend you discovered it yourself and that it's uncorrupted by the past. The important thing about the future is rapid... and that's what they always wanted." What he means is that says Abraham Saksinger of the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education, "These renewal efforts have people reaching to each other as ways I haven't seen since I was a kid back in Saskatchewan."

The worldwide of divorce has left few religious groups unshaken, but some—most notably Mormons and Jews—have survived

better than others. "According to Mormon theology," says Alberta sociologist George Arns, a Mormon father of five, "the family lives on after death. You can only reach the highest level of salvation as a family unit." Jews, it is sometimes claimed, are "programmed" for family life. "It sends almost pop culture," laughs Jerome Diamond, executive director of Toronto's Jewish family agency. "But if that's the case, it's those parents who do program their."

All the same time, there is an emerging sense that the cult of rampant individualism is running to ground. Narcissism is burning out, the *Me Decade*—as pop prophet Tom Wolfe calls it—may be burning out, an embodiment of pop culture therapy (the Greek "narcissus") having yielded, with few exceptions, to a search only of one's united loneliness. "Sitting out on your own is a wonderful vision," says Vivian Rakoff. "But only rare individuals have the capacity. Most people don't go out and find their identity, like a jewel under a stone, somewhere between Paris and Florence. Nietzsche is right: God may be dead, but hammering your way to the top of the mountain is just for egomaniacs, and we don't have many of those around. Family life may not be comfortable, but it's irreplaceable. It's built into our bones."

Nevertheless, some of the recent changes in the family structure are likely to prove durable. The millions of women who have joined the work force are not about to renounce their careers for "a shoe so tough you can kick dirt on it." Flaring an unemployment crisis so severe that labor unions must on only one job per household, the working mother is here to stay. And so long as marriage continues to offer wide exit ramps—easy divorce—the single parent phenomenon will also remain. It seems probable that in social life in the cities, because increasingly constrained, more couples will choose not to have children. Even though commutes, co-ops and similar alternatives to the nuclear family have had successfully dismal success rates, these options will continue to attract their share of adherents.

All of that is not so much evidence of family decay as it is of the family's ability to adapt to social change. In this century, it has already endured the test of the family farm, migration to the cities, the impact of television. It has survived plague, suicide and two world wars. Its forms have even changed, some of the forms have even changed, some of the family still provides security from the common understanding that modern life is difficult at best. Twenty years ago, American anthropologist Ralph Linton wrote: "The ancient unity of father, mother and child has survived more vicissitudes than any other human relationship. In the *Götterdämmerung*, which even today's school and university teachers are preparing for us, the last man will spend his last hours seeking for his wife and child." ◇

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Going it alone: the single parent starts a new life

There are an estimated 10.7 million single-parent families in Canada. For most, separation and divorce have brought mixed blessings. With independence has come loneliness. With freedom has come the economic struggle to enjoy it. These single parents talked to Maclean's about their lives.

■ Margaret DeGifty, 30, separated in 1970 after 11 years and three years of marriage. She works for the Winnipeg *WICA's* single parent accommodation project, interviewing single parents about their needs. She has two children—Scott, five, and Heather, eight.

The day begins at 8:30 a.m. when the radio alarm goes off. I shower and dress, dress and feed Scott. By eight, Heather is at the neighbour's where she spends the hour before school and Scott and I are on a bus northward. I drop her at the university daycare morning. Life is hectic especially in the morning.



DeGifty, hectic, but no major regrets

"Economically, I have fewer worries. I still get support money from my husband and we're now working out a separation agreement amicably, so we can get all the tax cuts. I'll get handsome monthly payments in lieu of a property settlement."

The thing about splitting up is that it can be very lonely. I had little support from friends or family. My family are strict fundamentalists. They don't approve when I married and they certainly don't approve when I quit. Anyway I haven't lost much sleep over any family concerns.

"I have more friends now, but socializing is still difficult. A lot of women are still living up on the idea that the man has to make the first move in making any friendship. I spend a lot of time rousing. Sometimes I work all day, come home tired and just have to lie down for an hour and



shut my bedroom door. Being responsible 24 hours a day does get to you.

After the separation, my husband saw a lot of children. But so it gradually became clear I had no intention of returning, his interest diminished. It's sad, but many men associate their children with their spouse and can't seem to see them without being reminded of that fact. The children miss their father, love and miss their mother. I know more people there before I lost more comfortable I have a much better idea of who I am.

■ Fern Roy is a 34-year-old ex-Winnipeg program assistant. Separated for five years and now divorced, she has custody of her daughter Colleen, eight.

"A single parent," she says, "has really got to juggle the budget. It helps to know a kindly credit union—and a local grocery, so you can change things and pay cash. But I'm not griping. If I think about it seriously, in some ways I'm better off now. Since we split up we bought a house and we have two horses that we ride in the country."

"During school holidays, I rely on relatives to help with baby-sitting. But these seem to be some days when the school is closed. I pay a friend \$25 a month to look after Colleen after school. I pay all my bills, but never have much money hanging in my pocket. It's very challenging and, in some ways, fun."

I'm very close to Colleen. I don't think she's really suffered at all from the separation. She's very responsible—helps make the beds and feed the cats.

"Right now I'm not looking for marriage though friends often suggest I find a man. I've learned to cope very well, though I still feel like a expert wheel at parties. The problem with single parents is that they don't fit in with either the married couples or the singles. But since splitting up I've developed a deep sense of self-satisfaction. I've come to realize how much I really can do alone."

■ Mike Richardson, 30, is a junior college teacher at Montreal. He lives with his children Harriet, eight, and Tanya, seven, in one half of an apartment duplex that he owns.

"The hardest thing was finding myself alone with the children when my wife left, even though I was doing looking after them even before she had been removed. In this respect the kids were lucky I was in an apical. Looking after them had some kind of therapeutic value, and kept my mind away from feeling that I was in a empty space. But they also kept me at home."

I am probably a bit unusual. I've always enjoyed and done a lot of cooking, planning of meals, shopping.

After she moved out, my wife used to baby sit in the evenings and clean on Saturdays. But the situation was changing, because she still had to find a place to live. She'd moved into a room which really wasn't set up for having the children visit her. She was very generous. She forced herself to live in poverty to let the children's needs be met.

The children didn't bat an eyelid when she left, but they felt the tension leading up to it. It is not so unusual to be a single parent. There's a fairly large minority all couples these days who don't think children socializes on marriage. My kids seem to need a lot of single parent children at school. Perhaps they are a little more grown-up. They have to learn to do things for themselves, feed and they see their parents interacting in a more social situation than just mom and dad.



Richardson: the children learn to cope

"My wife is still very much around. As time progressed she straightened out her life, earned more money and got an apartment nearby. The kids often go there. But it's important for them to have a fixed place they call home."

As far as relationships with other women are concerned, none I've had so far has been threatening to the kids. But they project a lot. They say, 'Daddy is in love. Daddy has a new girlfriend.' They let their imaginations run away with them.

The Montreal photo by David Gosselin; the other photos by David Gosselin. The text on the bottle is a reproduction of the actual label. The text on the bottle is a reproduction of the actual label. The text on the bottle is a reproduction of the actual label.



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Red-neck City, BC

Always abused, but what can Surrey expect?

By Judith Timson



There is a split second of waiting for a punch line that never comes. And then you realize the folks in Surrey, British Columbia, are serious about that: they honestly don't know what the word red-neck means. "As far as I'm concerned," says Mayor Ed McKillop, "red-necks are two-faced politicians" that even McKillop, a man who modestly admits that he is "cloaked as a poorly intelligent guy," figured his answer left something to be desired, so he yelled to his secretary, "Any of you girls out there know what a red-neck is?" There was a few giggles before a male female voice walked back. "Ole Ed, isn't it an S-dumbler?" Next, one of the leading members of Surrey Council took a run at it. "A lot of people have a different term for red-neck," said Alderman Bonnie Schreck, "but to me, it's people who, if they don't like what's happening, go hopping mad until their necks turn red and smile."

To the rest of Canada, oblivious to the daily afflictions of bizarre and wonderful events out here in God's country, it may not seem strange or even interesting that people in Surrey don't know what a red-neck is. But here in British Columbia, where Surrey has become a hot of a bad joke, it may well be the punch line of all punch lines, rather like a member of Toronto's upper-crust Forest Hill or of Vancouver's posh Shaughnessy like going along to be told what upper middle class means. As most North Americans know, the term red-neck these days concerns all manner of bigotry, backwashiness and back-slap behaviour—the three in Shaughnessy have been branded with them as fervently as they themselves have embraced the basic three as of education instead of all the well-heeled open curriculum nonsense.

In the past 18 months, Surrey, a sprawling suburban monster lurking just 20 miles southeast of Vancouver, has been a hotbed of red-neckism, not least and abuse by the rest of British Columbia, perhaps owing to the knowledge that if Surrey (or "Surrey with the freeloading tag" as the Vancouver newspapers have dubbed it) is fingered as the red-neck capital of the province, then other business of conservatism as it can carry on their work of getting on with the job without the least sort of aggression.

On the other hand, Surrey has earned the situation it is getting. In recent months the town has banned sex education in the schools close away with made up as the

McKillop, when he says he's down-to-earth, he's right—extremely right.



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public galleries and used to top low-rise, dense housing being built because it looked tacky. And this last move took place in a vast suburban wasteland where all made land on McDonald's and where the only visual relief at hand is to close your eyes to blot out the onslaught of burger stand signs. Surey still sits on over 124 square miles, a strange semi-suburban municipal hybrid not exactly hiding hills that suggest an ecotourist's dream. But then, just around the corner, you find the kind of tight, cramped subdivisions that are the very model of the suburban nightmare. Surey is BC's largest municipality, and like a lonely remnant, seems fated to be changing shape. There is no centre to Surey. Instead, there is a cluster of five smaller town centres which have unfolded in two faces: some suburban shopping centres, and hunky-dory strip malls with drive-in restaurants and run-down hotels and bowling alleys and car lots. Signs along the road offer clues to Surey's essence: (halfway for a Bible college, that way for some new ("Boy Nave") condominiums).

With a substantial First Indian population (2,000 in a population of about 120,000) there have been outbreaks of racial violence in Surey, including beatings and vandalism. That may be why the request released by the Surey school board to allow an ex-classroom a slide show on racism prepared by the British Columbia Teachers' Federation elicited a savage response from commentators. Soa (white) and Surey, and the Pioneer too, there had to be "unequivocal, sensitive, good-willed and fair-minded people." Unfortunately, the two reviewers, Surey just isn't used to help electing "officials who are just the



Downstream Surey (above) and across from the opening suburb: some say it's a great place to live, but for others it's a community full of hate.



opposite." Last month, the neighboring municipality of Langley also banned the film, which included a harsh look at BC's generally sorry record of racial discrimination. The movie provocatively depicted McKinnis, who once boasted that "people look in Surey for what to do next."

There was no need for The Pioneer. Surey itself Surey's past mismanagement had already showed them even as they had happened in bold newspaper headlines: the proposal for a vigilante squad to control an upsurge of looting-and-rioting activity ("We'll shake hell out of 'em," said the mayor, the statement—in vain—to the provincial government to legalize gambling so Surey could become the Reno of the North.

Surey has spawned not one but two lines of profound philosophical thought, one of them, former mayor William Vander Zalm—now Minister of Human Resources in BC's Social Credit government—earned national attention when he suggested that young men might find work should be cut from the welfare rolls. The other giant of non-liberal thought is the unionist: Mayor Ed McKinnis, who won wide publicity last spring after his bold stand against a flustered defence of a woman's form, barely visible in a well-known mural, which he ordered removed from the municipal hall lounge. "A woman's body is a very attractive thing," says the mayor, "as long as you don't see certain parts and explode [at] on it." McKinnis went on to set up a three-man commission panel to oversee all art coming into the community and quietly promised it would be "a committee of open-minded people who agree with me."

Did the Dinosaur get blown out of existence?

And if the pipeline goes through—what about the Caribou?



A museum isn't the first place most people might think to look for the answers but that's where a lot of them are. Museums don't just worry about picking up the pieces of the past. They're places where scholars and scientists use the past to assess the present and try to predict the future. What climatic, ecological or extraterrestrial changes wiped out the dinosaurs? How well as we're people after the caribou? Both these questions are the subjects of studies done by the National Museum of Natural Sciences, in Ottawa, in co-operation with many researchers and other



scientists across the country. Paleontologists, geologists, and astronomers have coined the term

"catastrophism" for the study of extraterrestrial catastrophes, like the blowing up of a star, and how that might affect life on earth. Many researchers think that the radiation resulting from such a blow up is what wiped out the dinosaur. Could it happen again? That's what they're studying at the National Museum of Natural Sciences. But they're also looking at what affects all forms of life, today. It was the work done by the museum's research station on Bathurst Island, in the North West Territories, that resulted in changing the route of a proposed oil pipeline so as to cause the least damage to some fragile sectors of the island and to the feeding grounds of caribou and muskoxen.

Doing research is one job. Sorting out the information and making it accessible to other researchers and teachers is another. The National Inventory of Collections, one of the world's first computer-based inventories of national treasures, will eventually give access to three billion words covering fifty subject areas. So, if you're a scholar, curator, or have the need for information

about collections of dinosaur remains, or are attempting to find out where A. Y. Jackson paintings are located, you just ask. Access is through one of several museums throughout the country where



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It is basically McKelvie who is responsible for Surrey's high public profile. Once, for example, he called in the *Meowies* when he didn't like what an alderman was saying during a council meeting, and proposed that any council member, except himself, who looked disinterested in information to the press should be tried before a magistrate and fined £300.

Though people in Surrey like to say that this is "where the real people live," it is difficult to imagine a more vocal politician than McKelvie, who, at 41, is both a grandfather, and, by his own admission, a kid who never grew up. He says exactly what he thinks—and much of what he thinks spills out in a mixture of exaggerated sarcasm and cutting irony and cynicism. "You're getting my head off" up" is a favorite saying of the mayor's. A man of average build with a nose of silver but carefully combed into a neat pompadour and adorned with a chain, he has a penchant for expensive-looking suits, flashy jewelry, and light cars. He has been described by a former council member, frustrated by McKelvie's combative temper and what many say is his flippant behavior, as "the most arrogant and uncompromising mayor Surrey has ever had."

Over the years, McKelvie has been involved in a series of legal skirmishes, including one conviction, as a contractor, for violating a self-imposed law, and one charge of violating the Public Decency Act, all of which he was found not guilty. He has also fought and lost a libel case. As a result, 30% of McKelvie's \$23,000-a-year salary has been ordered guaranteed to pay off damages he owes. McKelvie is fighting the order, which he calls "a slap in the face." McKelvie: "In the past people have shown kind people in office that were of a probably more educated degree and were, shall we say, on the rise, the wealthy and I'm probably the only mayor who's claimed that I know a feeling of the people. People are sick and tired of shit politicians. They want a good, down-to-earth, got working man and that's what they got when they got me," he says.

He is right about one thing. Sick he isn't. He avoided drug reports for drinks in a gritty trade U.S. border town and, once there, in the contraband in his life ran these courts. Hypped up by a recent council meeting, he played politics with cynicism and then showed his down-to-earth nature by being just an on-foot away from a punch up with a defiant young man who had the temerity to use an obscenity near the mayor's table. "Do you want this pool over the top of your ass?" snapped the Mayor. It was a man who talks often of "lowering the boom" on action-resistance members of society and he enjoys being seen as a troublemaker who can straighten out society situations. Like the time he intervened personally in a racial clash between a black woman and two white youths. "I went down there [the fight between] them and I lowered the boom. It's just a matter of edu-



At last, by Kasey: the good he has been doing for some, a good and merry car.

cating them that when they come to my country, we want them to live our way. I mean, that's the way we've been doing it."

McKelvie sits, in the serenity of the mayor's office, delivers a solemn lecture on the cold "prison"—has word for people, pulling from a drawer one of the more "disgusting" objects that he had removed from a local variety store. Although he does not possess a station forbidding him to do any more one-man-on-a-mug, the mayor vows he will persevere. "A lot of mayors would like to do what I've done, but they don't have the guts," he says. And he can say that, overlooking the memory of the night before when, he stole out of a bureau for a night, right past a pornography bookstore, and confided to me with a smug grin. "I've always wanted to go in there, but I've never had the nerve to go in there." And he can do all this knowing that he has not so much as a language and vulgar play.

Cruising the border after drinking in an American bar, the mayor shows gleefully at a customs bar, the man who knows him that I am "some hood" he picked up. While I explain to the customs man that I am a journalist, McKelvie is brandishing a wooden spoon he found on the air and threatening to "beat the shit" out of me. At the same time McKelvie has managed to catch a silver hoop earring he found on the dashboard to his right for.

McKelvie is unabashed by the anecdotal behavior. Scintillating, he will say of himself that "I'm a very interesting man," and then launch into his favorite story—the life and times of Ed McKelvie—the workingman's workman, born in small-town Alberta, raised in anti-and Vancouver and then on to Surrey, where he now works weekends as his one-salaried job and where his phone never stops ringing, the life and times of Ed McKelvie, a local "I'm mobbed." Indeed, he is even writing his autobiography "I'm gonna call it *Little Man, Big Man* because I started with

nothing and look where I am today."

Just what do the people of Surrey make of their flamboyant mayor? It's hard to say. In November, 1975, Ed McKelvie, after 10 years as an alderman won that majority by a mere 48 votes. He comes up for reelection next fall. And while there are pointed lessons to the editor becoming his challenger signed by people from Surrey, there are also and council warden like Pat and Olive Kemm, decent, hard-working folk who applaud McKelvie for his common sense approach. The Kemmthans lived in Surrey for 22 years and love it for the privacy and the feeling, they say, that you're in a family-oriented area. Kemm is a laughing-son from Ireland, his wife a nurse, mutually generous from Saskatchewan farm country. Together they have raised three bright, successful children who say all history students. Kemm is an old-fashioned man. He remembers coming to Canada in '32 "without a bloody beer" and sleeping in the cold on English Bay beach. He rode horses in a local arena and worked for everything he ever got, and consequently has a low tolerance level for "loudy wads to hoots."

Kemm's children, heading into maturity, laugh at the story when the father gets his photographic and pourings, some of which coincide with Ed McKelvie's. "Gross no?" "They should stop 'em' all up about us. Eloquent! Drop their food in. In them very three alone." (Surrey recently turned down a proposal to have a new federal penitentiary security prison in the area.) Ed McKelvie: "It's done" the best for Surrey," says Pat.

It takes a strange political position that does not a people, and there clearly neighbors. Lethal and there. There's a picture of a civilized behavior, would support both Ed McKelvie and Peter Elliot Trudeau (although the municipality as a whole has usually voted Conservative), men of very different sympathies. Perhaps the explanation is an old-fashioned affection for the right individual in politics.

But not to much further down the road, mention of Trudeau's name triggers a war-

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rate of obituary results, while McKelvie's evinces a studied indifference. But then, political analysis is not a moving feast: in the hedgepodge household of Al and Ivy Klempy, who, along with their children, their four cows, their dogs and cats, three horses and their goat live a wild and free life on five acres of land in Surrey. There are stacks of hay and piles of mud in the front yard, with heaps of metal and various contrabands of crippled cars. There are five guns over the fireplace of the Klempy's parent and friend, Robert Wells, and various unnamed folks taking around the kitchen and living room, some of them friendly, some of them not. "Take a picture of me," growled one young man with a James Dean pose, "or I'll beat your camera." As for Surrey, they find it totally to their satisfaction. "It's a beautiful place to live."

Others who have tried the Surrey life are not so effusive in their praise. Developer Dan Pitts says with bitterness that Surrey is "cancer," a product of urban sprawl afflicted "with all the awkwardness of growth." Pitts, 30, lived in Surrey all his life until he struck it big with his own party, Westminster Realty. Now he has chosen to remodel a house in Shaughnessy for his young family. A thoughtful, articulate man who once had a personal axe to grind with the Mayor of Surrey (it was Pitts who said him for idiot, and won), he recalls with horror how his parents' house was wretched—splattered with eggs and battered with rocks—after an erroneous public statement had been made about them.

People from outside Surrey often resort tales of misdeeds brewing in them. It is as though a mud drop sharply down over casually friendly features wherever there is the slightest challenge to property or authority or the righteousness of one's views is a special kind of hostility that might be seen to stem from a feeling of possession. It is a small-town mindset that sometimes can be more frightening than big-city coldness. Some people say Surrey is a community of hate.

Mayor Ed McKelvie, who represents Surrey today, has not necessarily Surrey tomorrow (it may be in for a rough time in next November's municipal election), has his own view of the Surrey way of life. "You see, we're all little people here. We're average people. Like you and I, okay? And the big guy comes in here and he thinks he can kick us around, he can 'push' the people of Surrey around for so damn long, making tons of money off us." But who is this big guy? "The guy with all the money. He sees all this green grass out here and all he sees is money. They come out here and maybe because we're not as dumb and smart as they are, we get ourselves in a jam. Yeah, maybe we do have hate here, but it's (because) of the big guy who's all over us." So even the Mayor allows that perhaps Surrey is a place of hate. "But that is the way we live. We want it that way." ☐



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Splendor on the wing

An artist's fame comes home to roost

By Marilyn Powell



Thomas Sargent is 69 years old and has been sketching and painting birds since he was a boy of 14, almost as long as he's loved them. He has observed more than 2,500 species, roughly one-third of the world's bird population, depicted almost one-fifth of them, and traveled to, among other places, the Arctic, Africa, Mexico, India, Japan, and the Galapagos Islands to view them in the field. His paintings have been exhibited in several North American museums, and his work has long been respected by leading ornithologists. But it is only recently, since his retirement in 1976 from Toronto's Royal Ontario Museum where he served quietly as a staff artist and later as chief artist for 46 years, that Sargent has found himself gaining considerable public recognition.

Not long ago, at a Sotheby Parke Bernet auction in Toronto, a Sargent painting of a snowy owl sold for \$1,300, and more recently at a Toronto art gallery, his watercolor of a woodcock, north, mermaid, spoonbill and a porphyrio were sold for \$3,000, \$2,500, and \$5,000 respectively. Following a brief show in Vancouver and one in Winnipeg, it was his second in Toronto in 1984 that in a year, some 100 people a



Albanian Canada geese and bald eagles, both endangered species: from Sargent (left), an eloquent warning of the threat to his lifelong acquaintances

day, most of whom couldn't afford the prices, warily slipped through the gallery to see Sargent's work. "It's all a little overwhelming," says Sargent, who is busy with television and radio appearances now that his avian society has come suddenly to his aid.

Roger Terry Peterson, the U.S. naturalist and author of a standard field guide to North American birds, has called Sargent "the dean of Canadian bird portraiture." David Luck, a Montreal ornithologist who speaks in a wistful tone, has praised Sargent's use of color, while John Livingston, an ornithological studies expert at Toronto's York University, says that in his black and white bird drawings, Sargent "has no equal."

It doesn't take a specialist to accurately assess Sargent's pictures, with their pinpoint anatomical accuracy and shading. But anyone can see that he is able to communicate the idea of flight. Often Sargent achieves that by arranging the birds in

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stages of motion, as in a slow motion film. It is this dynamism that distinguishes his paintings from the more posed, sometimes rather lifeless, set pieces by Vancouver's Friends. Landsdowne, Shortt's younger, more illustrious Canadian rival in the field. In the search for his own style, Shortt has evolved from the technical, scientific and dogmatic treatment of his first studies to a freer, more expressive approach. Favorite Star art critic Gary Michael Davis has observed that "Shortt is at a pivotal point in his artistic life. He has been devoted to de-bottling his work accurately. He now knows, at least qualitatively, that there is more to the cultural, the emotional, that can be added to his art." What critic Davis means can be seen in a new book, which is being published this month by Pagurian Press, entitled *Birds in Peril*, with a foreword by Canadian naturalist John P. S. Macdonald and illustrations by Shortt.

Birds in Peril is the story of the fight to save 20 endangered North American species, among them the Eskimo curlew, trumpeter swan, Alaskan Canada goose, bald eagle, Buchanan warbler and the prairie chicken. The cause is close to Shortt's heart, as he explains, because it is from man's brazen attempt to save his fellow creatures. In the Maritimes, the Lynch sparrows is being transplanted from Sable Island because of soil erosion, in Nova Scotia, in the West, the eggs of the elusive and threatened whooping crane are incubated by man to perpetuate the species. Shortt's birds in color and black and white, manage to convey something of their own determination to defy extinction, it is something in the eye that the artist tries to capture. Says Shortt: "I want to try to get into the psyche of these birds, absolutely wild, free creatures, leading their own existence apart of their environment as we are part of society. As far as I'm concerned, I've enjoyed the nature of strong birds in their forms, and I want to share what I've seen."

Shortt, a retiring man with a crooked, thin nose and an oddy demeanor, never expected widespread recognition of his work. He grew up on the outskirts of Winnipeg and recalls that his interest in birds was first aroused by his father, a city railwayman who was an avid hunter. "One of my earliest memories is of the prairie chicken and ducks my father shot. I used to go into several bird shops examining them. My father taught me how to shoot, and my mother, who was an artist, taught me all about watercolors. It became my favorite medium because it was here she was my first teacher." In 1936, at the age of 13, he was ready for more professional instruction. He persuaded his father to let him enroll in the Winnipeg School of Art, where he studied under L. LaMoine. Pagurian is a later member of the Group of Seven. In 1938 he went to work as a bank teller. Shortt caught the eye of the bank manager, Charles Drury, a bird enthusiast



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Prairie chickadee, Bachman's warblers and an towhee sparrow, all in pairs, and the ever-present American crow: an artist sharing a Shorn's artistry



known locally as the "cagle man." On the weekends the two would pile into Shirley's Model-T Ford and go out on the prairie to observe birds.

The next big development in Shorn's life came in 1930, when the Royal Ontario Museum was calling about for an assistant to L. I. Beyer in its nature department. A friend of Shorn's and a fellow bird watcher, who was passing through Toronto at the time, recommended Shorn for the job. Shorn got it.

Then in 1936, when Shorn was 27 and a seasoned ornithologist, he was chosen by the federal government to be part of the official party aboard the Hudson's Bay Company ship, the "Niagara," which sailed for the Arctic Archipelago and northern Greenland. The ship was servicing company outposts, so it did once a year. Curran took the opportunity to make a scientific and artistic record of the areas visited by the ship. As luck would have it, Shorn's cabin mate for three months was Frederick Horner Varley, another noted member of the Group of Seven.

Shorn's task during the expedition was to collect birds by shooting them and bringing them back as specimens to be catalogued. He had intended casually in his youth. He knew how to dry and mount the birds, and while he held them stretched out in his hand, he examined every head and curve of their bones. The job was a perfect progression for the boy who had just wanted to learn and sketch birds. Varley and Shorn would sit side by side on a bank, while Varley painted and Shorn sketched birds. Occasionally, when the ship hit ice, seeing the birds and the pairings flying across the ice-by-flood cabin, "Varley would go down on his hands and knees, collecting my skins," recalls Shorn. "He used to call me 'the queer kid.' That's what he thought of me and my birds."

Varley might never have known that Shorn was more than a museum technician, that he was an interpreter of birds and a student of them. But because of the Arctic climate, Varley's oil colors would not dry and that encouraged Shorn to bring out watercolors and paper, drawing himself to Varley as an artist. Yet Varley couldn't resist criticizing. He was studded with expertise, his criticism as recalled in notes scrawled on the back of a Shorn portrait of a rough-legged hawk dated July 30, 1936: "Curran trying to be a typical scientist, but, world's full of 'em. North artists."

Varley berated Shorn about light and shadow. "Out on the ice," says Shorn, "we'd look at things together and he'd say, 'What do you see and how do you see it and what makes do you see it?' He taught me to see, and at last, but at a cost of color. I think that is the whole thing about art—loss of color." Today, Shorn becomes animated when he remembers Varley and the three months on Arctic patrol. "It was," he says, "the greatest experience of my life."

Back in Toronto, Shorn's weekends



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were spent in the company of Toronto sports such as Roy Fisher and Luke Bradley. His weeks were spent painting and grew to include setting up dramatic-life-size scenes from nature—for the show. At the same time, he was surveying the birds of North America, and producing poems and maps. Soon he was taking field trips to exotic places, paid by his own fees to return the bodies of rare birds he had shot and clothe them in jungle moss to make molds for the museum's dioramas. Says Short: "Sometimes in a bush I'd bring home four specimens all rolled up like a rug," to be reassembled with wood and plaster backing them up in the museum.

He spent nights in the rain forests of Uganda, listening, enchanted, to the sound of insects. He filled paper with line drawings of short-form reminders of how birds moved in their natural habitat. He caught the living colors that faded as they died. Once, in the Galapagos, a Darwin finch fed a nest with his sons, plucking the seed by stands. Luckily, while Short was off on a boulder, misting, "I was an ornithologist, you see. I would not forget the hours in the field to prepare what I had to do and then on top of that I painted my birds."

In 1962, Short's life took another twist. John Mackenzie, an avid amateur bird watcher who is a senior executive with Canada's (Imperial) Trust Co. in Toronto, visited him the headquarters of the now-defunct Canadian Audubon Society and admired some black and white drawings Short had done while he was going about his official museum business. Mackenzie bought them, framed them and living them on his wall where he continued to admire them. A year ago, when his publisher, Fagundes Faria, asked Mackenzie who he would like to illustrate his *Complete Ornithologist's Guide to Birds of Canada and Eastern North America*, he pointed to the drawings, and said, "That man."

Birds In Peril is their second collaboration. Short has also illustrated other books in the past. But his collaboration with Mackenzie is different. He is last engaged in a undertaking that is specifically designed around his talent. And this fall, for the first time, he will be totally on his own. *Wild Birds of the Americas*, to be published in September, will be both written and illustrated by Short.

It has taken time for Short to realize the significance of Varley's advice written down on that July day in 1958. Varley said the world needed artists. He had gone on to say "With a lot of hard work and a long, moment of good luck, you might just make one." Now at 66, intrigued by his unexpected prominence, Short is thinking about taking creative risks, deciding that perhaps he has been too cautious. From the beginning, he had an obsession with birds. Now, his uneasiness, his obscurity is belatedly being hailed as a mark of great eloquence. ♦



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India's sweet spring

The old ways return, by popular demand

By Michael Enright

The fragments of the past come at you from varying angles of diffusion. From people like Sobhan Singh. For example. In his house in the morning, hot, and the air is rich with the fragrance of perfume, peach blossoms, rice and curries. Sobhan Singh is in a mood to talk as he sits in his black and yellow Kenyan-style robe through the empty Delhi streets from his home in Punjab. He wants to explain to his foreign passenger, every foreigner he meets, in fact just what has happened in India's March elections. He talks

about it with a sense of gloom. "You see, we, as a country have only one prime minister. Well for 21 months we had Mrs. Gandhi, of course, and we had the boy, her son. That was not right; they should not have done that to us." He pauses for a second, then giggles wickedly. "But then we had the election. And you see we did it all without guns, without soldiers. It was a kind of revolution without violence. And we got rid of Mrs. Gandhi and the boy and all the rest and we did it all

very peacefully." Or you pick up some of it from the man in the bar of Clark's Hotel as he looks out of the New Delhi, a man who likes to drink too much. He is from the Punjab, in the north, and makes a living selling farm machinery. "We don't yet really know what we did," he says, a bit hesitantly. "But that I mean it is too early to know if we did everything right, if we were on target. But we used our heads, we used that," he says, tapping his forehead.

Part of the picture comes through the newspaper, now controlled by government ownership. An old man in the New Delhi morning newspaper *The Statesman* a few days after the election making. "To celebrate the Indian Government, we are offering 20% discount on the reading of our paper," he says. "A wonderful sign of the return of the virtue of the press. During the 21 months of the emergency measures imposed by the now deposed prime minister Mrs. Indira Gandhi, these newspapers' circulation were effectively dismantled from spreading along the streets. Now they're returned, quietly going about their normal business again. You can get your paper three days after it was printed, your paper read your first interest or your man cheered. Mrs. Gandhi thought the state was an unsavory clutter on her carpet. Now she is gone and they are back.

New Delhi is a city of something like an ancient people. It is cluttered, crowded, noisy and nerve-racking. The streets are mainly quiet. The traffic moves in a slow, steady, unrelenting way. Buses, trucks, long cars pulled by horses or cows, the cows the traffic moves efficiently into the traffic jams. Buses, surprisingly full of fat and very much of the traffic and the police, even who stand there while the chaos moves around them. It is a sight that is familiar to the traffic moves at only about 30 miles an hour or the earnings would be appalling. The city has returned to normal. Some people say that at last Delhi is laughing again. All because of the elections.

In the springtime aftermath of India's last general election since independence 30 years ago, there was a great sense of shared delight at what the voters had done. Mrs. Gandhi's husband, a charming people to "Work More, Talk Less", are starting to fade and are heavily gossiped as people long about the triumph of Indian democracy. They keep telling it the most



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important line election anywhere in the last 15 years. They talk about it in the same breathless fashion that Americans used when boasting about the Watergate resignation of Richard Nixon or Czechoslovakia's defeat of Robert Sikorski. In Delhi, with its chunky political intellectualism, that is the feeling, but there may be hopelessly poor and desperately unpopulated, but that the people will have the will and the way to stop down government. Says one American correspondent: "It must be the first time in history where a demagogue was voted out of office." Adds a Canadian diplomat: "They got rid of all the bad guys." The election destroyed a

number of well established myths, among them that the Congress Party, known to many as the Nehru Party, was destined by God and the British to rule India forever. Two before the voting, a *Columbia* correspondent for the *London Observer* wrote that Mrs. Gandhi needed an overwhelming victory to show the world her leadership was not stolen. The writer asked: "She will very likely get what she wants, she usually does." The second myth to go was the idea that democracy for India was a desire imposed by a British elite on an Oxford-educated Indian elite and was not a concern of the masses. The Indian urban middle-class lived with the assumption

that the bulk of Indian peasants voted with their stomachs and not their civil liberties consciences. For these middle-class, the defeat of Mrs. Gandhi was a severe, if welcome, shock. It was nothing of the sort in India's villages. In this massive land of 650 million people, 80% of the population lives in villages and of that number more than half live in villages of fewer than 2,000 people. Mahatma Gandhi—the spiritual father of modern India—called the villages "the soul of India" and there was little surprise at this election result in the villages than anywhere else. After all, the peasants of India were practicing a rough system of democracy where the masses' wishes were passing themselves with wood. The idea of communal support and the shared responsibility for the village's destiny is nothing new even to the most illiterate peasant. When Mrs. Gandhi (in relation to the revered Mahatma) and her obnoxious son Sanjay began to tinker with that democratic tradition in a head-on fashion, the peasants—in the words of a *Delhi* newspaper editor—rose up in fury and dignity to get rid of them.

My first contact with the new Janata (People's) Government led by Prime Minister Morarji Deas was in the unpredictable figure of Raj Narain, the man who personally defeated Indira Gandhi in her Uttar Pradesh constituency of Rae Bareilly. Before the election, the Congress Party held most of the 35 Uttar Pradesh seats in the Lok Sabha or lower house; after the election, the party had none. Narain is 40, single and carries an alien-man case. He has thick black glasses and a white beard and had vowed to grow it until Mrs. Gandhi was defeated. Around his head he wears a green headscarf that looks like a table napkin. In a society where you sit with a man's organs and heretofore by his style of haircut, nobody can figure out Narain's. "This is my green signal," he says. "It means go freely without fear. In politics don't fear, say what you like." So the Indian under-prime minister in 1982, Narain has been in jail 26 times on various political charges, including a sentence during Mrs. Gandhi's so-called emergency. "One half of independence I have spent in prison," he says. "I wrote a letter to Indira Gandhi once prison to say that that tongue was not given to me by God. How can you check this tongue of mine?"

New Narain is the Janata government's health minister. His first ministerial act was to change the name of his department from Ministry of Health and Family Planning to Ministry of Health and Family Welfare. The well-known program run by the Congress government has given the whole concept of family planning a bad name. Some say the Congress Party sat it back at least 10 years. In an overcrowded country where the population increases at the rate of more than a million a month, such a setback could be disastrous. It was that program combined with the

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arrogant members of Sanyu Gandhi, that afflicted the Indian people during the election campaign. As one magazine editor put it: "The Indian people had been opposed for centuries but this was the first time that they were physically assaulted by their own government." The word in the villages was "Vote Janata, protect your penis." Last year, some seven million Indians underwent sterilizations. How many of those operations were done by men who had probably never been known for the catatonic of cow-gods performed in the name of family planning was reluctantly protegee to influence the population. There were stories of young women and men being lashed off buses and taken to sterilization camps. Civil servants, politicians and school teachers were denied their salaries unless they brought forward their quotas of candidates for sterilization. Kenneth Thorpe, owner and publisher of *Somawar*, the country's leading English-language political journal, observes that Mrs. Gandhi embarked on mass sterilization for public relations reasons: "It was poisonous. The government thought the sterilization program would support their central image in the world." Ray Nasser tells a group of foreign journalists the vasectomy program was barbarous and as-



Mrs. Gandhi's nemesis, Raj Morani: green masses go freely without fear. These street vendors—basket weaver and cycle repairman—get the message



barous, but he offers little evidence that he or his department has a cogent alternative policy to deal with overpopulation. He is even opposed to the government's official incentives to even for housing a vasectomy: "It's pay a man 1,000 rupees (\$128) to have sterilization, that is a total compulsory sterilization that is a bribe." In place of common or senseless, he preaches the old-fashioned virtues of self-control.

Nasser delights in his role as the Janata government's most approachable oddball and likes to tease his audience. When someone asks why the Gandhi government fell, Nasser shouts: "Because it was built on the four pillars of Fraud, Fear, Fattery and Falseness!" Nasser smiles reproachfully at the foreign journalists. When someone asks how he perceives his job, he says slowly from the table, steadies himself on the cane and squeals: "I see myself as a humble servant of the people."

The open and honest of the Janata Party are different in style and substance from those in the Congress. For one thing Janata is hardly a party. It is made up of four distinct blocs and members in study to make it. It contains fiery socialists like George Fernandes and steady-eyed right-wingers like the members of the *Lata Singh* Party.

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sidering they call Jawaharlal Nehru, In-
dian father, the last British Viceroy and
India the first Soviet one. They are a
Hindu nationalist party that want to make
India a Hindu state and even change the
name to Hindustan. Janta who has a
sprinkling of Congress defectors like Jag-
son Ram, head of the country's 80 million
Untouchables. Ram is something of a Jack
Blower in Indian politics. He stayed on as a
member of the Gandhi government all
through the emergency, resigning only in
February. Then he whined and pined
when Desai was named prime minister
Babji, as he is called, a new defense min-
ister, but if he is infuriated in some way in
the next few months, he might well take his
Congress for Democracy Party and walk
out of the Janta alignment.

The most startling difference between the
Congress and Janta parties is in the
operation of the new government. Prime
Minister Desai is quite approachable
through his son Kamal, who acts as an
opposition secretary to his father. And the
doings of the government are fully open to
the press for the first time in almost two
years.

Censorship, imposed by Indira Gandhi
has India a demerit blow. The British
ambassador of an authorized press was
deeply outraged when the emergency was
declared in June, 1975. Says S. Prakash
Rao, deputy co-editor of The Statesman:
"Things were so bad during that time that
you didn't want to be a journalist any
more. It was very frustrating to know
something had happened and not be able
to say it." The Statesman and the Indian
Express were the only English language
newspapers to refuse demand to cooper-
ate with the government's censorship pro-
gram. The other papers like the August
Times of India, went along with the govern-
ment for fear of losing government ad-
vertising. But while the conclusion of
The Times felt, the ownership of the
modest Statesman implied—but not
without financial cost. The paper lost
900,000 rupees (\$18,000) a month. The
other newspapers, from the mouth of
the sports section, was held up while the
paper was owned by government-owned
presses. The rest of the censorship will
survive the political in the elections. For in-
stance, when Indira Gandhi walked out of
a Statesman hotel in her house, newspaper
men were told to stop at the entrance. They
were not allowed to continue in any way the
family planning program, or ask why a
television tower under construction at Raipur
collapsed.

Under censorship, foreign correspond-
ents in Delhi were asked to sign declara-
tions that they would abide by the govern-
ment's censorship program. Most refused.
Finally the government persuaded them to
promise it was impossible in their cover-
age. Nevertheless, more than a dozen
correspondents were expelled, including
Peter Huchingson of the London Times who

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you'll feel you can move
a bit faster. Swing your arms
naturally so that they help you move.

Increase your pace by pushing firmly off
your toes. You shouldn't experience any



Walking and Hiking

discomfort but you should be conscious of
your effort. Your breathing should be deep
and regular.

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was told he could never set foot in India again. The two competing domestic news agencies were disbanded and shoved into a new government service called Samachar, which was totally under the control of the government. All-India Radio disagreed itself by ignoring the Janata Party even on election night and because known as All-India Radio. Writers, editors, directors, agents all felt the crackdown laid. The work of Kishore Kumar, one of the country's leading musicians was banned from radio and television because he refused to take part in a musical evening sponsored by the Youth Congress.

Lucknow. To know anything of India, you have to get out of the major cities. Lucknow is a good jumping-off point to the villages of Uttar Pradesh, India's largest state with a population of 90 million. Lucknow seems to be nothing more than an enormously wide street, although a million people live here. Again there are the thousands of bicycles and cars jamming the squares and making life desperate for pedestrians. In 1857, during the Indian Uprising, the British residency here was besieged for 87 days until British troops arrived. From that day until independence, the Union Jack over the resi-



Pravin Mukherjee (front) in his India, top priority to education, and no demand for civil service to produce a quota of candidates for abolition.

dency was the only British flag in the Empire that was never lowered. Outside the city the land lies flat in every horizon, unbroken except for scattered clumps of trees and a few telegraph poles. The villages cluster beside the road and early in the morning, the women of the village go to the communal well to draw the day's water. The houses are built of clay and you can see the handprints in the walls where the clay was poured into shape to harden in the sun. The silence in the village is striking. Dogs bark and children laugh, but in the larger villages that only stand in the constant whir of the tractor.

The village of Chausar sits off the main road, about 30 miles south of Lucknow. It has some 1,000 white teeth and by Indian standards is fairly prosperous. The average income of the area is about 350 rupees, or \$36 a month, in a country where the national per capita income is less than \$100 a year. Sita Ram is the pradhan or headman of Chausar. He is a jovial, open man of 34 with salt and pepper hair and an easy smile. He has three sons and three daughters and was born in Chausar like his father and grandfather. The position of pradhan is an election office with a note every five years. Sita Ram is the latest civil authority in the village. He is a member of the



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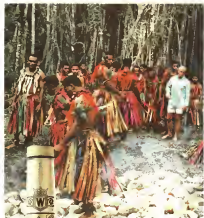
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edge and hired several workers to help people in the village dig canals, plant the village's development and work in any money out of the state government for the civic improvement. A few years ago he began a small poultry industry with a group of 15,000 pesos (\$1,800) from the government's Village Development Council. He built his own kiln and had a few workers. The job provided some employment for the village and an income for San Ramon and his family. "Our most important problem is the education of our children," says Ramon. "The parents who cannot read or write want their children to leave these things." For the most part, his people get along with each other—excluding about 100 Unsubscribes.

Among the 60% of Indians who live in the villages, the Janata coalition's victory came as no big surprise.





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A nation driven

Canadians and their cars, till death do them part

By Robert Marshall



Torontonian Vito Jone contemplating his Corvair in the spring-springy days of the Cor.

Heads turned as the sleek, grey sports car drifted through the morning traffic in Ottawa's Confederation Square. Admiring glances turned to stares of rage as the crowd recognized the man at the wheel—Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau. Breaking his government's promise for a more typical, less beautifully powered 1980 Mustang 300ci. Trudeau loves the car, a not light-colored two-door with a black shift and a speedometer that registers 600 mph. It was a familiar sight in Ottawa streets before he became Prime Minister and a family man, but in the past few years it has seldom left the garage at 24 Sussex. Its sudden reappearance recently, and the reaction of passersby, underscored a fact of life in Canada: this nation, like its Prime Minister, is in love with cars.

The affair dates back to the origins of the country. The oldest surviving Canadian-built car is a 1900 buggy designed and manufactured by a man named Henry Taylor and shown at a fair in Stouffville, Quebec, in 1867. By 1875 (the latest available statistics), there were also nine million passenger cars registered in Canada, and just under 13 million Canadians were licensed to drive them. This year, Canadians seem determined to prove their devotion to the car as never before: if new car sales continue at their present pace, they'll top the one million mark for the first time

in one model year. For the car addict, the outlook hasn't been good these last few years: recession, inflation and unemployment, rising gas prices and a well-publicized conservation ethic, but probably (sorry Ford), Chevy engines in Detroit's models. Their latest seems to be a conspiracy against the car. The combined effect of these forces, plus President Carter's energy conservation program announced last month, did make a dent in April sales figures. But with purchase incentives and repair sales now soaring, Canadians in their thousands, do not care how one dollar of every \$10 in personal expenditures toward the car, and there is no sign of that changing.

Like spring and love, there's something about aging and cars. For many who drive it's hard to bear the feeling of that first great day when you roll down the window and feel the warm wind up on your neck. Time to get out the hose and stop off a winter's worth ofudge, Robert, daffodils, greenery, lawn and street-filling again with the proud owners, maybe the whole family, washing and waxing the car. Plans are being made for the summer vacation, and the car is included. It's time to think about the winter's toll on the car: drop into the dealer to look a few times. The spring months are past, new car sales

months revealed only by October, the beginning of the new model year.

From coast to coast, dealers offer the Canadian devotion to the car, and despite all the arguments in favor of smaller, less thirsty machines, the Detroit monsters are at least holding their own in the Pacific area. Demand for smaller North American cars is dropping; there is a waiting list for some of the gas guzzlers. The main Ford dealer has emphatically sold out his allotment of Thunderbirds for the year. Eric Towdale of Cadillacs Motors says customers who previously bought small cars are trading up again.

"We're selling more big cars than ever before," says Plymouth dealer Ray Lindsay of Woodstock, New Brunswick. "It's the whole philosophy of Canadian life. We like luxury." He's had a lease '77 Plymouth Grand Fury on his lot since last October: a big car, but with no options—no vinyl top, radio or rear window defogger. "People make one look at it and say 'Oh, it's got nothing on it' and walk away." Meanwhile, Lindsay has sold about 15 better equipped (more expensively) Grand Furies. Winnipeg car dealers say sales are up

The World

Armed and extremely dangerous: the fallacy of peace at gunpoint

It is 14 feet long, flies at a pace 600 mph, and looks like a streamlined version of a wartime doodlebug. But there the resemblance ends. For the cruise missile is potentially the deadliest weapon in the United States' arsenal. It carries a nuclear warhead equivalent to 200,000 tons of TNT, can be fired from the ground, from planes or ships and from submerged submarines. It can evade radar detection at cruising height for 2,000 miles and, unlike Hitler's buzz bombs, its accuracy is phenomenal: it can strike within 30 feet of its target.

But that is not all. For the cruise missile has become the latest piece in the dangerous game of diplomatic bluff and double-bluff that the United States government, egged on by the arms lobby and by the unions (arms contracts = higher profits = more jobs) as well as the Pentagon, periodically plays not only with us, but with its allies and to one people.

As Secretary of State George Shultz prepared to meet Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko in Geneva on May 10, for another attempt to negotiate a new agreement to limit strategic arms (SALT)—the first collapsed in March when the Russians rejected one of four controversial packages offered in Moscow by the Carter administration—the United States decided to cast the shadow of the cruise, and of its companion in destruction the MX missile, over the proceedings. The apparent aim was to bludgeon the Soviet Union into accepting an agreement to limit, in real, not empty, terms. But the Americans are not the only ones who know how to wield a blunt object. The Russians are in debt as never at the game. This dilemma is that, as an open society, we know about the U.S. play-plan game, it is not theirs.

The cruise is a key element in the SALT negotiations, which are aimed at preventing a new arms race when an existing agreement runs out in October. The Russians want a ban on cruise for an understanding that they will not go ahead with their own Baskville bombers. Opinion is divided about which sort of a threat the Baskville poses to the United States; but no one here, at all the Summers, is in any doubt about the cruise.

So, at the start talks started. Defense Secretary Harold Brown personally ordered production of the MX missile III made to contract for two more months, and, with the effectiveness of a report on a Soviet submarine test run in the Atlantic, that the air force was planning to deliver the first 40 or 50 long range, air-launched



crisis missiles to Strategic Air Command by 1980. It was part, they said, of an accelerated program adding \$300 million to the total cost of development. At the same time, to help the administration, the navy announced a new program to build a new cruise program with that of the air force.

The Pentagon insisted on the performance by saying that what amounts to a buildup has everything to do with the SALT talks (in the case of Mutamutina, it said that was "very tight" connection). But The New York Times was not alone in doubting the message to the Kremlin. The services felt that the cruise missile program may be accelerated along with other strategic weapons systems programs if the meeting between Mr. Vance and Mr. Gromyko fails to result in a favorable response to the American proposals submitted in Moscow. "In other words, agree or die."

The secret lies in a pattern of policy that only for the production of the cruise, some reports of such statistics to make at the same time the submarines with to make at a given moment. In the early 1970s, for instance, there was a bomb "gap" between the United States and the Russians. It did not exist. Later on, and even "gap" based on it, was to be equally ephemeral, and, more recently said, there was the typical case in the dying days of Gerald Ford's presidency, when the administration wanted to get through a record \$123 billion defense budget.

It was clear to the Republicans that something special in the way of checks was needed. The evidence was provided by the case, with Pentagon backing. The Soviet Union was suddenly discovered to be spending \$10,000 in 1973 of its gross as the Soviet Union had begun to export

their forces in a terrifying race, as, in fact, previous estimates had been dangerously low. There followed a series of harshly-bid hearings for members of Congress, while news stories were linked to the press in an attempt to persuade the public—fairly but if it was, according to a poll, thought, despite spending was wasteful—that it should pay up. The increase went through, and the cruise defense secretary, Donald Rumsfeld, triumphantly declared his success to what he called "the water tank" as "We added." We have reported and reported information about a Soviet buildup and it has finally sunk in.

Rumsfeld defended the propaganda of the press on the grounds that "throughout history" people have tended to believe in tales of what is peace "with the craft that they created a situation of emboldened power and war has been the result." Apart from the fact that weapons make it so the center of the very balance of power, the Soviet defense secretary's history may be shaky. According to Dan Smith, a research fellow at the London-based Richardson Institute for Conflict and Peace Research, an independent organization financed by Quakers, "There is no historical parallel for two sides being in an arms race at the same time as they are locked in arms limitation talks. The closely arms race of the past has ended either in war or in one side giving up."

Nonetheless, the United States was exactly the same principles in dealing with the NATO allies and when talking to the Russians as to its own people, and as much of the realignment on which both planning is based comes from America, his policy of "covert." That is a little more than a year ago there was a major war about the conventional arms buildup of

the Warsaw Pact countries who, some reports suggested, were in a position to outpace us in short order anything NATO could put out on the field against them. At it, the people of this country were secretary general Joseph Luns was asked if he thought there had been a dangerous shift in the balance of power in favor of the Soviet Union. He replied: "For the time being, I think we can hold our own, but if

they led to the war in both sides, so the U.S. and NATO military have a common concern in preserving their own security, it is to keep up the arms race, and they are prepared to use whatever arguments at their ends, including the bargaining chip syndrome."

If that's doubt about the existence of the SALT talks of some bargaining chips, too might become redundant, and is the



The cruise missile Mr. Rumsfeld is alive, well, and still saving The Bomb

the threat is not removed there is a couple of years the situation could become dangerous. "One of those two sides has now passed, and we have various military command chairman Admiral Sir Peter Hild-Norfolk saying that a more increase in spending of 2% or 3% as the part of alliance members will either to protect their way of life and maintaining with those who may have been without a conventional Soviet state."

Such statements of the record lead observers to challenge other intentions such as the necessary for the cruise missile and over the SALT talks. According to Dan Smith, there are reasons to doubt the validity of either as means to achieve peace—even in the Pentagon policymakers' rightmost world of neo-liberalism secured dimensions which is said to be the only way to achieve certain end states we can say the cruise, says Smith, is a bargaining chip, one of a series of weapons that over their own to the first SALT agreement, signed in Moscow in 1972. "The bargaining chip," says Smith, "is a mutually a weapon you don't really need. It helps to buy off the hawkish in your own side by convincing them you are not cutting back on arms development; and it allows you to bargain incremental gains from your own program against arms cuts by your opponents."

On SALT itself, Smith observes that one of the main aims is that "no weapon the military has a real interest in has been discussed." But there are deeper reasons why that for military. One is that says "that not led to changes in the attitude of the military toward each other. The mil-

itary of the cruise it can't happen soon enough. The evidence of the hawkish in the Moscow talks in March is that, for fear being something that can simply be bargained away at the conference table, the cruise has frightened the Russians to the point where they may feel they have no option but to meet it. Should they so decide, the United States, in turn, will have to spend billions on its own defenses—or on thinking of something better still."

DANIEL SMITH, NEW YORK, FROM WASHINGTON LOWTIME AND SENSITIVE

THE UK All the fine old men

It is beginning to look as if the main of government, Britain is proving too much for its parliamentarians—as well it might. After all they are having to cope with a peace-time situation, which by the Queen, which suggests the British situation because the book takes over development, a delicate situation in the Commons (the Tories have once managed to push back the limits of power, the trade gap, Union, Ireland, and the French who French are looking up a table because they once more expect the British are going too strongly with the Yanks. There's also the question mark over the American's intention to attend the Commonwealth conference in June—though everyone is hoping to be well—the least thing.

It is Donald Bledsoe—and even more the death of 24 from a stroke, struck that year of Foreign Secretary Anthony Crosland, followed by the equally unexpected death of Peter Kirk, 46-year-old brother-in-law that for ministers. One of this says "that not led to changes in the attitude of the military toward each other. The mil-

itary toward each other—the odds against good health."

To hear that tells the right choice in the former, perhaps says Labor say, Dr. Maurice Miller: "A cross, efficient and over-demanding system is depriving us of less than the country can ill afford to lose. Politics make the business of our look like an Asian or a Westernized person. The frequent sight of aging labor members living where it did come from their racks, but through the voting lobbies appear to be from them. So does the revelation from Labor's chief whip, the Conservative from 30 of his troops have heart conditions."

And yet, a few thoughtful voices persist in raising the real problem—"self-government" and that it is not making late-night debates in Westminster's busy halls and restaurants that really are to blame. A psychiatrist has even had the liberty to assert that many politicians share on stress.

But what has really raised doubts is the case of Labour's Sir Ian Liddick, who reported with a heart attack on the way home to his Midland constituency. Liddick's wife, Joan, stated that he would not survive until he was 60—"I will not sacrifice my husband to meet the government," she declared. But when the Sir Liddick died he did not turn up at home or in the House of Commons—but in the London apartment of a young friend, friend, Patrick Healy, a reporter on The Times. There he had and he was recovering from the stress of living a house and a husband. Mrs. Liddick was not amazed: "I'm bloody angry. I love my husband and I thought he was worrying about political problems. But it wasn't that at all."

JOHN HILL, GENEVA



Liddick and Healy: the new men come...

own in the first hockey season in 1972.

All the Canadians had to do when they took the ice against the Russians, was win that game, and the next one, and the next was theirs. Of course, they couldn't do it. The game was less than a minute old when defenceman Dallas Smith took a cross-checking penalty. Smith was back on the ice for only 21 seconds when Phil Hessel went off for tripping. As the game wound, so did the parade to the penalty box. Vlad's game misconduct, which carried a 10-minute, no-restitution penalty as well, was the clincher. By the time Canada got back to full strength the score was 3-1. Three minutes later it was 5-1, the USA Russian goal being a gift from Walter McKechnie, the Detroit Red Wing who is said to be an ex of himself, game-on, game-out.

After the game was lost, Billy Harris, the former Toronto Stars coach who had headed Team Canada '74, was constant protest. "It was stupid, idiotic. Those guys haven't learned a thing. You just can't take cheap penalties against the Soviets. They'll kill you. All day yesterday they [the Russians] protested their power play. They knew they'd get to me in a lot."

In fairness to Canadian Hockey, there are much better players in Canada than those who travelled to Vienna. Only one out of three of the players on Team Canada '72 would have any chance at all of making a genuine Canadian all-star team. Nevertheless, it was a pity that Canada's return to world championship play—what a surprise year—left Canadian hockey looking so bad in European eyes. Of course, the Russians and Czechs have set clubs that have played together for years, but the Swedes, except for their collapse against Canada in their second round match, were fully competitive in Vienna—despite missing as many as 10 of their greatest players, because of reds and was playoffs. They, however, declined to offer that as an excuse, while the Canadians did it to every opportunity. Trust Cyrilka.

After the Swedes started the Romania 5-1 on May 2 in a physical game in which they out-rated and out-matched the surprisingly fit Soviets, the momentum was thrown well upon the Russians, who were a more of shock. Their coach, Boris "Chavlek" Kisligen, indignantly wondered that his team had been so easily crushed and immediately called a punishing practice before locked down for the following day. After an hour on the ice, he was in a funk, the Russians changed into track suits for two more hours of rugged land drill. The approach seemed to backfire. On May 3, a suddenly hopeful Czech team, whose score was 3-1 tie with Canada and 6-0 loss to the Russians, broke into an unexpected four goal lead and managed to hold on to win 4-3. Both the Russians and the Czechs looked utterly drained afterward, and Kisligen's reaction again called upon to explain the appalling loss by his powerhouse. "If suddenly [the Czech] Russians, probably the best young players in the



Russians post-game in real good sport

would have scored on his breakaway so would have won," he said humbly.

The sudden Russian failures surprised everyone, including rival coaches Hans Lundberg of Sweden and Kurt Gull of Czechoslovakia, and for Russia to lose the tournament, after a whole year of anticipation, preparation and after reading as 20 very best players would have been a proposition suggestion 60 hours earlier. But suddenly the possibility was real.

While the Swedish sport opened the door for themselves and the Czechs, it also offered a glimpse of hope for the Canadians who had been robbed of a victory against the Swedes the first time by taking too many stupid penalties and by trying to solve the magic of the number two Swedish goalie, Goran Hogstrom.

On May 4, playing their strongest and cheapest game to that point, Expo and Company went out and demolished a thoroughly cowed Swedish team, 7-0. "They were scared stiff," said Expo. It was little wonder the Swedes were frightened. On the ice, the Canadians instilled threats as their "I'm gonna cut your elbow or your neck off" and generally laid about with the sticks. With the score 6-0 and the game long since won, Carol Vidmar, who is not noted for his robust play at the time, injured Karl Erik Andersson with a bare end that drew 15 minutes in total penalties and the scene of almost everyone's gaze. Afterward, Vidmar was unrepentant. "A Swede really covered up [Wayne] Cashman in 1972," he said, "and I wanted to pay him back." He was asked "Which Swede was that?" Vidmar replied: "Any Swede."

It was not Canada's finest hour. On the other hand, it wasn't the worst either. That came after the first loss to the Russians. The allegations had poured in and the players were mostly nasty—"What are people going to say if we lose to the Russians?" asked a Canadian general manager. Bill Watterson, not joking, an ordinary Can-

adian hockey fan expressed their outrage at (a) the beating and (b) the performance by Bill Watterson and McKechnie, who had given more or less better against the Swedish Russians.

Watterson himself seemed slightly strained by the reaction to his savage play. He went on to apologise and promised not to take another penalty. "I told him not to promise that but not to take any more cheap shots and to hold on to his temper," the Eagle said. And a couple of days after the Russian debacle, Watterson was less contrite: "I don't care what people say what people write maybe I took a couple of stupid penalties. But the game was lost by them."

The upset in Canada echoed through Austria. There was even a demand, by New Democratic Party MP Arnold Peters, that Expo and the Iceberg Hockey Canada director Doug Fisher be brought before the bar of the House of Commons and made to give an accounting for the disaster. Engineers, who relate his political ambition despite his preoccupation with hockey, handled the suggestion with aplomb. "I'd be glad to appear. It may be the only way I'll ever get there."

Nevertheless, he felt constrained to tell the press: "The players are doing their best, but their best isn't good enough." A few minutes later, the Canadians took the ice against the defending world champions, Czechoslovakia, and were and only because two innocent ignored an offside seconds before the Czechs scored their last goal. Suddenly, Team Vi-vo was respectable again.

Before the Czech game, Iona Chupongola, the federal minister responsible for sport, had sought to reassure the Canadian players. "This tournament is behind you," he told them. "But for heaven's sake don't lose our respect. I understand that you disagree yourselves again. It was at least an admirable response to the Russian defeat as any. Generally, though, Canadian hockey teams reacted with incredible hysteria, which begged the question: isn't a time to accept that good hockey is played in places other than our nation?"

There is no longer a shred of doubt that the Canadians, and particularly the Russians, can play hockey at the highest level. No more eloquent tribute to the Russians' skill could have been conceived than the one paid by Rick Hampton, a good defenceman who normally toils in the arctic wastes of the Cleveland Barons. Hampton scored the lone Canadian goal in this 11-4 hammering and when the puck went into the net he went after it in a screaming flock, Miss, I missed on Toronto. An embarrassed and embarrassed Phil Expo

The four Canadian players surrounding him and his net were no match for the swirling Finnish club, but the Soviets had fewer problems with Carol Vidmar and Tony Esposito (right); McKechnie, despite hitting a few people like Sergei Rubtsov (far right), did very little else.





spreaded over the Canadian dressing room after the game and patiently repeated his analysis. "They are a great hockey club. They did everything right and we did everything wrong."

Bill Watson reported the next day. "The Russians held the score down. The way they were going, it might have been 15 or even 20. During the third period their coaches were telling them just to play with the puck. Then, when we took a couple of cheap penalties their coaches told them to put it in. They put it in." The idea that a foreign hockey club would come in on even a team of Canadian professionals would have been unthinkable before Vienna. Now it is fact, and Canadian hockey fans might as well face it.

In a way, Canadian fans could be grateful that the country's greatest players did not perform in Vienna. Even the press-release that Ben Pollock assembled last summer for the Canada Cup series would have been in desperate trouble against the Russian team if they met on the vast ice surface in the Stadthalle. In fact, the worst one wonders the European play hockey the more one realizes that the two systems—North American pro and European—are so different that they verge on incompatibility. The confusing schedules, the differences in the rules (interference is an art form in Europe and routine body checks will occasionally draw penalties), the different objectives (entertainment and money versus national pride), the very style of play which is dictated by the size of the rinks on each continent, all combine to frustrate the possibility of any dialogue yet between the Canadian and European. The Canada Cup was held under conditions favoring the pros, the world championships under conditions favoring the Europeans.

However, international hockey is here to stay. The fans desire it and the governments on both sides of the Atlantic need it. Ben Harkin, boss of the Winnipeg Jets, was lured from his Palm Springs, California, golf course all the way to Vienna—not to watch Team Canada but to negotiate a mini-tournament involving a World Hockey Association club (likely the Jets), a Russian club and the Japanese national team. It would be played over Christmas in Tokyo, of all places. "May be a chance to make some money," Harkin winked. The European organizers of the world championships need the Canadians, too. At Vienna, Team Canada was the star attraction, despite the fact that it was generally known to be a second-rate unit. The Canadian games were scheduled at the featured eight o'clock evening time, the local press was full of the dangers of the players and their wives, Phil Esposito was much the best-known of all the players in

'Official Fan' Campaign overruling the Canadian debate with Russia, and the traditional, if over-the-hill, post-game handshake: number boys, play nice

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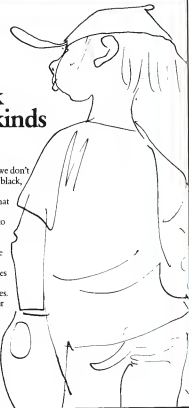
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The boys of other winters

A short slide down memory lane: ever since 1954, when the Russians showed up at the world hockey championships for the first time and whipped a team from Oswego Senior H club known as the East York Lyndhursts, Canada's winters in international hockey have been fraught with peril, confused by politics and highlighted by only intermittent triumph. Mostly, the Canadian public has grumbled—either over the odds of the teams we sent to play the world at our game or at the rules and regulations the world imposed against us.

That 1954 loss to the Soviets triggered a huge surge of interest in international hockey and forced hockey men in Canada to start taking the Europeans more seriously. There had been so little interest in 1953 that Canada didn't even bother to send a team to defend its title, but after the Lyndhursts' loss Canada was forced to upgrade its representatives. In 1955, the Senior A champion Peniston Vees—much the best club we'd ever sent abroad—were dispatched to restore the nation's honor. The Vees won, defeating the Soviets in an extremely lopsided match which attracted so much interest in Canada that Foster Hewitt traveled to Europe to cover it live on radio. From then on, though, it was mostly frustration for Canada. The Whittier Vikings, also Senior A champions, did manage to win the world title in 1956 but there was no longer any doubt the Russians, Czechs and Swedes could more than keep up with Senior A-caliber Canadians.

Through the 1960s, Canada experimented with a national team of amateurs, the brainchild of a hockey-loving priest: Father David Baker. The national team was world class, but not quite of world champion quality. It played well but once again it was a case of "Canadian boys against Russian men" and the world title stayed in Europe.

When the national team finally stumbled Canada took a firm stand: it wouldn't return to world tournament play until it could use its very best players, its professionals. International on-ice culture remained adamantly opposed, with the Russians and Czechs claiming that the Canadian pros would taint their "amateurs" and jeopardize their Olympic standing. It was stalemate, until the Russians won the 1972 Olympic gold medal. Then they abruptly changed direction. Russia challenged Canada to a series with only one stipulation: Canada had to assemble the very best team it could. That was born the best Team Canada and thus began a new era in what is no longer exclusively our game.

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the tournament. And next year, Canada will have a team in Prague—despite rumors to the contrary.

How many of the 1997 squad would volunteer again remained uncertain. According to Ego, some of the younger players were shocked by what they saw in Prague before the Vienna tournament began. "All that barked were guys with machine guns... well, you know, if I'm older and I've been involved in these things before but I can tell you it still bothers me. Can you imagine the impact things like that have on some of the young guys on that team?"

Foremost, for example, made it clear he wanted no part of such an excursion, even if he were asked again. "We [the Rodions] are going to make the play-offs next year," he said emphatically. "But, so tell you the truth, I wouldn't want to go to Prague."

Another player who likely will not be in Prague in 1998 is the great Ego himself. Quite apart from the fact that at 36, he has slowed down a bit too much to be effective against the Russians and Czechs, there is the fact that he genuinely hates the place. "It's only had one day left to live," Ego puts in, in the best line he had anything to do with in Vienna. "I would want to spend it in Prague—because a day in Prague can sure like a whole lifetime."

Jubilant (right) as Ego scores in the tie with the Czechs, and during the-wards action involving Greg Smith and Belarusian Ekimovskiy. At, respect



Business

Dipping—dangerously—into the future

Consider this: the Mexican peso was abruptly devalued last fall. If you had bought peso futures which are traded in commodity trading, you to acquire a fixed quantity of pesos at an agreed price on a specified date, you were trapped. From our trading days to the now, you had lost more than \$30,000 on each million-peso contract. And one Toronto dealer of Richardson Securities of Canada, the biggest Canadian commodities dealer, had 60. He had been able to buy so many business commodities are traded "on margin" with the investor putting up a minute fraction of the contract's real value. He was disastrously unbalanced Richardson Securities, with a padded grant had themselves to shell out more than a million dollars.

It's easy to say this shouldn't happen (particularly to Richardson Securities, who have had previous disasters with clients unable to pay up) but it does, because of the extraordinary speed and unpredictability of the commodity futures markets, their ability to trap investors while making thousands of dollars on little or no trading volume, and the leverage the margin system allows. However, leverage went both ways. If the peso had moved a p as much as it went down the Toronto client would have made close to 20 million dollars on an investment of perhaps \$150,000. It has been done. And the prospect is enough to keep luring investors in. Trading on North American commodity exchanges doubled in 1972-76 and it is up another 30% this year so far, although brokers openly say that most everyone loses money over time, and under some theoretical circumstances losses can be infinite.

The economic function of the futures markets is to allow farmers and manufacturers to hedge against price fluctuations and eggs to be in a place at which they can still hedge in advance. This enables them to plan ahead. They can also "hedge," by contracting to sell (or buy) a product they need to keep in stock. Then, if the price subsequently falls, the loss on their inventory is canceled by the profit on the short sale. It is this respectable-sounding business that the stable Canadian investment dealer such as Wood Gundy Limited hopes to attract as they reluctantly get new investors. However, some cynical Chicago traders believe that even commercial users can't resist the temptation to join the hot line brokers of small speculators, who never intend to leave delivery of the commodity but whose willingness to hold it for a while in the hope of gain makes hedging possible.

Although many brokers regard the volatile futures markets as purely speculative, the idea that they could be adapted to the traditional investment goals of preserving and increasing capital has a notable seductiveness. One large investor refused to be successful as Fred McCutcheon, son of the late Senator Wallace McCutcheon and a founder of Toronto investment house Loewen Ostry.



Fredberg providing a margin for error

McCutcheon & Company Limited, who manages family money. At Fredberg, of Toronto commodity dealer Fredberg & Co. Ltd., says that if a great number of people following major trends, as he has done during the often spectacular rise of coins and cotton. Fredberg requires unusually high cash reserves for a client—\$25,000—so that the margin money deposited can be refunded if uncollateralized by loss on a short-term swing. Fredberg's firm, which is not actually a member of any exchange except the relatively unimportant Winnipeg one, has instead works through brokers, has signed much investor attention since its foundation in 1971.

Certainly, there is a big pay-off interest in commodity trading among the investment houses, who are already so tied up with the stock market as to use their clients' "Any Toronto Stock Exchange member firm should be making 10% of its gross revenue from one medium within a year of setting up," asserts Lord Levy, who has done at least that well and possibly much better—let's not stray—for Victoria Securities Inc. of Toronto is so fast, so many new firms are unloading the business than the older, es-

By Peter Brimelow

to-minded ones are eagerly embracing Ontario legal case to regulate the business. In part, they are distressed by some of the more colorful patterns of the Winnipeg character in the fringe of the case in the market world. Stories abound of customers' accounts being "burned," traded recklessly to generate commissions, of orders being "revised," matched internally rather than taken to the exchange floor, and even not being executed at all, the classical basket shop technique prohibited on the hope that the trade will go wrong, and the customer won't expect all his money back. For Bartlett, who when a pioneering Clayton brokers in 1976 imported large Toronto to encourage his clients to pay their bills, is now said to be operating in Vancouver after the St. Louis fraud—recently severed relationships. But the bankruptcy of Commodity World Commodities in 1976 was in fact, Al Cowan, charged with fraud. More recently, Toronto police raided half-a-dozen firms specializing in London commodity options—agreements to buy futures—and had Ontario Securities Commission moved to restrict their use. Although options themselves are perfectly legitimate, it was alleged at a subsequent court hearing that some firms had charged excessive premiums and not always honored orders. Two firms, Lorian Commodities Inc. and Commodity Options Ltd. Four of whose volumes have now been accounted for illegal transactions, were linked to an aggressive Toronto-based commodity operator, C.M. Neumann Trading Ltd. Leeds Weekly Storage is a joint venture of C.M. with Ontario Chicago's partner, is involved in complex litigation about fraud surrounding the now-defunct American International Trading Corp., and was expelled from the Mid-America Commodity Exchange last November.

The spectacle of so many investors negotiating such hazards for a slight chance of spectacular gain is a remarkable tribute to human avarice, or greed, depending upon taste. Last week, an all-encompassing order papers and striking telephone, a broker sat in his short-sleeved, nearly contemplating the battle raging in the United States between the Commodity Futures Trading Commission and the old-guard Wheat family of Dallas, who are attempting with their customary legal expertise to squander the soybean market as earlier they had sugar and silver. Soybeans had gone bankrupt, raising his calculations. "What do you want in this business?" he asked the investor. "A strong capital base—and brain bolts."

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Press

There's nothing small-time about the Herald... Well, almost nothing

In newspaper journalism, by and large, bigger is better, and the success of the largest newspapers for their country remains a matter of better record. The best position—no one so far has actually achieved it—is being held longly by the New York Times. But there are other ones, some big and bold good examples. Atlanta's *Lithbridge Herald* is such a paper. For its last five years, despite limited circulation (27,000) and average pay (\$16,500 for a year reporter), the media numbers of the paper have been consistently high enough to keep a dedicated staff of 40 (although it recently lost one to illness in a brief dispute). Many national reporters could easily work for any newspaper in the country. They stay in Lithbridge. They say, and they mean it, that they like the place. Publisher, Cleo Mowers, 61, a former *Pittsburgh Courier*, Missouri became publisher here the *Herald* was taken over in 1980. He promptly launched the kind of editorial attack that has become a *Herald* trademark. "I'm not a politician," he told a host of business leaders below desperate threats of all cancellations from local advertisers. Managing editor Don Pilling boasts that Mowers' own background has much to do with "His recognition of the vital need of importance of news coverage." It is not a political position, but rather the attraction of the

Morrows has also mirrored the paper's inclination to be reactionary. When she replaced the women's pages with family pages emphasizing social issues and April became the first Alberta paper to legislate the section by using pornography to the mean city desk operation. Not content with relying on more serious story for political stories, as most papers do, the *Alberta* also financed its own legal advice reporter in Edmonton and got a woman, a British Columbia Alberta born near the border. It has positioned several features later picked up by other Alberta newspapers, including a regular selection of columnist opinions across the country and a component of short cultural idiosyncrasies (an idea just adopted by The *Wall Street Journal*).

What is more, the idea of prosecution has extended to reporting techniques, as when police laid charges against a gas dealer after a *World* reporter came up with the idea of having him 13-year-old son purchase a semiautomatic rifle. "We have a lot of young reporters who really care about the paper," says assistant city editor Lynne Van Loven, 39. Says Pilling, "They're not paid what they should be. They say because they like it."



Grand taking his leave: These things do happen, even in the best of families

When reporter Jim Grant was visiting a Vancouver job opportunity 13 months ago, the *Herald* came up with an offer he couldn't refuse: full-time consumer affairs reporter. Grant jumped at the job—a first for Alberta's dailies. Six months of steady blogging produced a series in the Canadian cities system. An exclusive look at regulated retirement savings plans gave readers a comparison chart equalled only in Toronto's *Globe* and Mail and Vancouver's *Sun*. Grant even turned down a tent to illustrate the dangers of camping equipment.

But nothing is perfect, not even life at the *Mermaid* and last month a thoroughly disillusioned Grant left Lethbridge for Vancouver, his resignation prompted by a battle with advertisers. It all started with a phone call just before Christmas to Great Falls, Montana, 110 miles south of Lethbridge. Grant priced cars and tools, toothbrushes and tampons, penicillins and spark plugs and concluded that Lethbridge prices—usually 20% above Montana's, soared as much as 100% higher near Christmas. "The Lethbridge business community absolutely

hewled," says Grant. After the survey appeared he was handed a document—"from the corp"—telling him not to write anything that would "upset the business community." Picking through the paper he also noted a "read it" policy. He says the survey's timing was poor and it was unfair not to present both sides of the story. Says Grant, "We needn't say anything that condemns the government, but when it involves the business community that's different."

Since then, the newspaper's normally happy staff has turned a sour gloom. "If I did Mafia had bothered to adhere to the World's Web's never have run that page series." They are referring to a 1978 series on organized crime that had a \$175 million defense man, although the paper lacked insurance to cover a judge's last year and collected \$15,000, the largest delinquency awards ever made. The paper has been a source of brazen of crime may have in the past and the people at the World have been possibly proud. Perhaps the disaffection over Gitan's experience will eventually move on.

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Labor

That cheerful, smiling bank teller may not be as happy as you think

When Ogden Nash said that bankers are just like anybody else, except richer, he wasn't referring to most bank workers, women who perform boring tasks for low pay. Banks have always been places where men are the bosses, women "the girls," but we may be in for a change. New attempts to unionize Canada's 130,000 bank employees just may succeed in creating an upheaval in that unglamorous male stronghold. Although in the past there have been isolated unionization efforts (and even some successes recently), a union has never penetrated one of the five major banks. Now, two unions in two parts of the country are mounting demands for applications for union recognition that will affect 24 branches in four of the five major banks: the Bank of Nova Scotia, the Bank of Montreal, the Toronto-Dominion Bank and the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce. By summer's end they should have their answer. The Canada Labor Relations Board, after spring hearings in Vancouver and Toronto, is expected to rule then on what constitutes a bargaining unit for bank employees—branch, region, province or nation. A rational change in the banking industry may hinge on this decision.

Because 75% of those eligible to unionize are female, the issue has linked to women's rights. The women want bank "careers," not just jobs. They say management training programs are flawed before the public but rarely mentioned to women in banks. They want educational assistance such as guaranteed maternity leave and, most of all, they want that which unites all men: more money—to begin with, a pay raise for clerks and sales from \$7,500 to at least \$9,000 a year.

The two unions involved are the Canadian Union of Bank Employees, established last July in Ontario as a local of the Canadian Chemical Workers Union, with about 50 members, and United Bank Workers, established last September in Vancouver as a local of the Service, Office and Retail Workers Union of Canada, with about 125 members. Each is working independently to have the more than 7,000 federally chartered bank branches recognized as individual bargaining units. Both say they have been "pounded with calls for information." An informal survey by *Maclean's* found that several banks in the Atlantic provinces and the Prairies knew nothing about a unionization drive—presumably as much of a pitiable consequence of the repeated response: "I've never heard about it, but where do I join up?" Janet Hockley, a bank teller at Jarvis, Ontario,



Zerr's first divorce, then conquest

echoes the sentiments of many women who finally turned to unions for help: "I want to get ahead. I've taken courses, but the bank doesn't learn to recognize them."

Though the banks appear indifferent to any union, unionization would leave them vulnerable to slowdowns and strikes at contract time and might even hinder the gradual computerization of banks. They have challenged the choice of a branch as a bargaining unit, arguing that before certification a majority of the 130,000 employ-

ees across Canada must be signed up as union members, not just those in one branch or area. ("That's an almost impossible task—it would kill us," says United Bank Workers' president Dore Zerr.) When questioned on the unions, bankers revert themselves to a state "no comment." Yet they are quietly fighting back. Solatans have been raised "coincidentally" in some areas where there has been a union agitation and bank workers are benefiting from a national dental plan first advocated by unions and then implemented by the "big five."

What effect unionization will have on our banking system is difficult to gauge, but there are several precedents to look to for clues. Ten years ago employees at the Montreal City and District Savings Bank's 75 branches were certified as one bargaining unit. Since then, this small bank has been faced with strike threats but no strikes, and the union has reached modest goals of higher salaries and an end to shift duty. A British women, recognized in 1948 with about 50% of all bank employees as members, has negotiated a Saturday close, a 35-hour workweek and in 1974 a 40% pay increase—the biggest percentage increase in British banking history. Britain has never had a bank strike but the story is different in Ireland, where there have been three lengthy and bitter strikes in the past 30 years. Last summer, after striking for three months over a complex pay dispute, bank clerks finally capitulated and accepted a pre-strike contract proposal.

Though the possibility of bank strikes in Canada unsettles the change in our industry, John Kilduff, a financial analyst with Dominion Securities in Toronto, estimates that unionization should not affect our banking system before 1979. But, he adds, "I don't think the union will get its entire demands, so there's the real possibility of strikes." Unions officials say that if banks are certified as a branch by its male bosses, some of them will have the strength to affect overall demands. Besides a pinability to be proposed is to strike in given centers and hurt the industry, not the public. Clearly, though, if the unionization is ever successful and spreads nationwide, it will reflect the whole character of our banks—and everything with a bank account. Royal Bank chairman Earle McLaughlin may have thought he had problems last fall when pensioners broke out following his announcement that he could find no woman whom he felt was qualified to sit on his board of directors. That was only the beginning.

MARY KREFFEL

Films

A laughter of the heart



Allen and Keaton, art imitating life

Annie Hall asks whether a nervous, red-tinted neurotic from Brooklyn (who describes himself as "one of the few males who suffers from penis envy") can find happiness with a straining blond neurotic from Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. The answer, inevitably, is unambiguous, but the questioning, in Woody Allen's new film, is subtle and perceptive.

Actually, a full range of neurotic obsessions in one of the few things that *Anny Sanger* (Woody Allen) and *Annie Hall* (Diane Keaton) legitimately share. He is a successful stand-up comedian, an intellectual whose idea of hell is having to listen to the pestiferous blather of the man behind him in the movie lineup. She is an awkward, aspiring singer incapable of selling a job, a self-woman who would let herself be ruled by her feelings if only she could figure out what those feelings were. His background includes an over-the-hill Jewish childhood lived in a house under a roller coaster and two subsequent failed marriages; hers is a prosperous war-torn with a disintegrating homosexual streak of anti-Semitism. Still, what is a given for film buffs, and *Anny* and *Annie* have the complete kit, sorted into compartments: sex, consciousness, identity and freedom.

Annie Hall charts the course of this precocious relationship with Woody Allen's characteristic wit, as well as a new and obligatory candor. This we've come to expect—these quips and darts punctuating a

Allen and Keaton, art imitating life

baroque bulwark of contemporary pretension and attitudes. Indeed, there still seems an excessive amount of these essentially self-serving one-liners which belittle in they can be. As cheek the flow of outrageous and charmed. For a hint, as the (for Allen) previously uncharted regions of feeling, that *Annie Hall* achieves an intimate moment. For the first time, perhaps because the film overlaps on his own relationship with Diane Keaton, Woody Allen has begun to explore both sides of a relationship (his past films have been unambiguously one-sided; here, he has allowed a woman equal understanding and compassion. Thus, though Keaton's own neuroticism—like her occasional inability to utter a complete sentence—can be irritating, she is able to provide a character of full dimensions, with a heart of feeling and soul that allows *Annie Hall* to be as moving as it is merry. **UNUSUALLY**

The midsummer blaise

PAULINE BUDNEY
University of New England

Pasadena in Portborough? Portborough, Ontario? Yes indeed, and several seasons without doubt, childhood brilliance and first heartbreak, too—all wrapped in 1930s gauze and an Ontario festival house in August. *Young and Warren* is a love story and a sentimental cinematic knock. Since there isn't a note of rightness in the thing, the film

might more accurately have been titled *Young Summer*, its self-love from pillaging of stock characters and ripe cliché whores, all things together with Marie Curie for modernism and logic.

The central character is a sort of down-trodden Lawrence of Arabia, roaming through the coastlands on his motorcycle, a mysterious British Jew (David Warner), with a secret past in World War I. He has come to an exclusive Ontario boys' school to teach science, but soon to spend most of his time turning up affronts among the women and children and resistance among the men.

The brain that best favor for him is the shade of the headmaster's virgin daughter (Tracy Young, unfortunately photographed to resemble a younger Shelley Long) and a honey, alcoholic bundle of vintage bludge (Blower Blackman). Assorted rural lovelies and spoiled rascals, not to mention the super-stuffy staff, are none too pleased, but in fact the turbulent events never add up to anything of the romantic variety. What early para director Alan Bridges is able to make in mood and atmosphere are more disposed in the garbure of Jack Walker's unadvised screenplay. Not is the film even technically precise like the editing and sound recording are poor, and the supporting performances are flat.

But not even better craftsmanship could have saved a film built around a grotesque piece of misreading in the leading role. David Warner is a rotten Jew, but there is nothing in his poor, poor odious to sug-



Young and Warner: prickly heat

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put the olive to question so many bonus winners in a small thrust it is less. The thrust of the water would presumably be deflected in terms of his experience and how often pull. But what on now. Any number of less experienced Canadian actors (the role need not have been his) would have been more plausible. And anyway, how long will we let producers argue that so low-profile an actor as David Warner (or co-star Homer Blackman, for that matter) helps to sell tickets, here or anywhere?

—JULIA KAPLAN

Otto-biography

(FEBRUARY, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY)
(January \$9.95)

Not many people can boast that the backs of their heads are more famous than their faces. Otto Preminger can and does. There it is on the dust jacket, in all its shaven glory. Incomprehensible? But it never prevents an *Autobiography* and the director's volume from being a best-seller. A candid account of the 70-year-old producer, actor, director's life would run to more than a mere 180 pages. A more appropriate title would have been *Aliveness* or *Aliveness*. And a more appropriate credit would be Otto Preminger with Jane-Catwood. A Toronto journalist and broadcaster, Catwood is Canada's most sophisticated photographer. Unfortunately her usual craftsmanship is not evident in the book's choppy and episodic style. She says this is due to Preminger's mounting nervousness; surely the facade of a giant is to keep such things in mind.

Preminger was born in Vienna in 1905, the son of a prominent Jewish lawyer. His early years in the theatre were clouded but an invitation to the States where—under Darryl F. Zanuck's benevolent guidance—he became Twentieth Century-Fox's leading creative light. For all their narrative drive, none of Preminger's films qualifies as a masterpiece (among them: *Forever Amber*, *The Man With The Golden Arm*, *Anatomy Of A Murder*) but he merits an attention as a guy who has made an impression on the production world. ("The sausage factory") was the pithy gist of his criticism. He defied the Hays Office by releasing *The Moon Is Blue* (1953) with the (also word "vagina") in the script. He dared to give Dulles Trumbull credit for the screenplay of *Exodus* (1960) after Trumbull had been blackballed by the McCartyism.

Preminger's anecdotes are fascinating, his wit sparkling with no-waves agents and pigs is delicious. But the book is difficult to read because of its back and forth style. Transitions between stories are cumbersome, as though the narrative is a transcript of a taped interview with all the questions edited out. After informing us that his son Mark writes for *the* *Weekend*, Preminger attaches to a bit with a hand-written note: "To be continued—God willing." It's as if the tape had run out and nobody bothered to change it. —EYE DECIDER

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Music

Thank heaven for little girls/They grow up in the most delightful way

In early 1967 in Kyoto, Japan, a quiet, fat-cheeked, 15-year-old with a chess-doll face and eyelashes painted on beneath her eyes tugged at her companion's arm. "Janet," she whispered. "Oh, what a cuppa tea." Their Japanese hosts kept us at bay. A black limousine materialized to speed Twiggy through rain-soaked Kyoto surrounded by a platoon of clacking police motorcycles and small cars staffed with camera-clicking Japanese. An hour later, halfway up a mountain, the strange ceremony disgorged its occupants at a roadside inn where in the corner under a beamed and Twiggy was peering a beam from Kyoto's only niche of Westerners.

All that was yesterday. Today Twiggy could wander down any street in the world without a rattle of recognition. She is now a tall, well-lit-up, utterly charming 27-year-old who seldom models, has just completed a British concert tour and released her second career-favored album (*Please Give My Name A Little Love*). She is the triple layer of false excitement she grew from (up to 112 pounds from 70) and the squeaky Cockney dialects that once were linked to the name of "a demurest poet." Instead, she drives a Mercedes, lives with actor Michael Caine, 45, in a fashionable, antique-filled, three-part flat, and coasts around her friends Paul and Linda McCartney, Eric Clapton and Phil Spector, ex-wife of Beatle George. "The old place must be laugh," she says, pushing back long black curls (we reveal a colony of freckles). "I was a brute."

But the Stones chimed its frills and there was something about the Twiggy phenomenon—saffron-colored, vulnerable, open—that charmed her way to content. Anna Lesley (formerly a working-class London family, she was 16 when a young husband called Justin de Villeneuve (of Nigel Davies) joined her stick-thin frame (schoolmates called her Olive Oyl) into a "a resident and covered in metal symbols of 'Swinging London.'" World tours followed, but the crown of "Mod" faded and by the early Seventies she was staying visible with credible performances in Ken Russell's eccentric 1971 version of *The Poppyfield* (her first song assignment), and two successful six-week seasons of her own British Broadcasting Corporation variety program. Last year she recorded her first album (Twiggy, singing songs by such writers as John Schofield and Jim Mitchell) on a breezy indie. It sold a healthy 100,000 copies in Britain and was well reviewed in tones of polite surprise—in North America. Encouraged, she released



Twiggy today: remember the skinny little kid with the mini and the funny accent?

her second album in March. Also, it was respectfully parodied in the United States—and set even distribution in Canada.

But the British are loyal to the Cockney Cockney despite critics' complaints that she is a danger of spreading her personality, but limited talent. No then. Part of her, perhaps, agrees. A home-body at heart, Twiggy spent the last few weeks living with her parents, and despite the fact that a third album and next special are in the works she says that she would really like to

spend her time being domestic to her husband and son. They plan to marry in secret as his divorce is complete and the location for the wedding would be unthinkable anywhere but London. The reason is Twiggy just it. "Weddings are for once."

Hearing is believing

And meaning musical detective work and media attention, Kluge—a record album by an anonymous, Toronto-based quartet of the same name—has become the rapist hit of the year. The reason many people think Kluge is the Beatles.

Hope this statement is as profitable as hope, and the result Capital Records in the United States and MCA Records in Canada are scrambling to fill the demand for the disc, which has sold more than 350,000 copies since the beginning of February. "Before the publicity," says Capital president Ken Leggett, "the album had sold 15,000 copies in North America and was on its way to the margin. Now it's our best-selling album."

That publicity began when Kluge's Woodstock, copyist Steve Smith of the Providence (Rhode Island) Journal-Bulletin, was given the record because no other didn't think it worth reviewing. Smith linked the band to the Beatles in a story after he failed to find out from Kluge's identity. He had called Frank Davies, president of Toronto-based Digidol, whom Kluge wanted to be known for music alone. Smith's evidence, Kluge's sound (including) like the late Beatles. Beatles, Davies "knew" before during the Beatles' existence in Smith's initial questioning and Kluge, a figure from a 1951 so-called folk, figures prominently on the cover of a recent album by Ringo Starr. American and British media jumped on the story, and almost before you could say "Is Paul McCartney dead?" fans, 13 to 30, deprived of new Beatles music since 1970, snapped up copies of the disc, and began finding Beatles references in everything from song lyrics to the cover art.

Davies still denies the connection—without credible evidence—but to us avoid. Even when a Washington, DC, radio station aired four unknown songs it said make up Kluge, it did little to stem the tide. Davies calls the story "absurd," but adds we'll find out the truth—if we're not interested—when Kluge makes its first public appearance—on April Fool's Day next year.

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Famous last words

RECOLLECTIONS OF PEOPLE
PRESS AND POLITICS
by Graham O'Leary
(Macmillan \$22.95)

"Rebellion is native to my character. From childhood the wrongs suffered by one people at the hands of another...burned in my mind.... These were the stirring words of Graham O'Leary as he last announced to the Canadian nation he had watched, win-dropped and alive warmed through a long life-time. Wrongs of many kinds, at home and abroad, were still burning his soul as he wrote against a friend and first deadline he died in April, 1979, of lung cancer at 55. At these posthumous exercises show, he wrote with no fear of the end and—surprisingly in this ancient parlance—with great modesty to his political opinions.

From the day he left the village school in Gaget, at the age of 12, to his accepted place near the granite of Canadian Af-fair, O'Leary was always alone. It is a pity that his only book does not tell us enough about the man, because he seemed to write a mere autobiography. Instead, we have his judgments of other men and public events by a judge uniquely fitted to make it. That right was earned by six decades in the higher politics of Ottawa, by the humane disposition of his Irish accent and by his knowledge of the French-Canadian north where Carleton noted the first cross in Canada.

Better, perhaps, than any man of his time O'Leary understood the capital—not only as the travelling editor of the Ottawa Journal (for which he worked full-time from 1911 to 1963) but as the prophet and, to many, the conscience of the Conservative Party. He enjoyed a double, unprobable and delightful successful career—a career of journalism, writing as a theorist, and as a minister of all the men who governed the nation from Laurier to Trudeau.

To the intemperate Conservative, Laurier, the Liberal, was the greatest Canadian since Mackenzie and his equal. The Tory Borden and the Liberal Sir Laurier are elevated to the same pedestals, put on each below the two gods. But it was to Arthur Meighen, who never won a national election as leader of the Conservative Party, that O'Leary gives his total allegiance and to Meighen's career, Mackenzie King, his total contempt.

Rebeck, vermouthed in 1930 was a windy failure, "a combination of Billy Gorkin and Jack the Ripper" (nearly too harsh a verdict). The triumphant Distributor of 1938 was "retrograde"—politically unreliable

...no-one knew when he was going to do...never so easy than to be well or to be to...to the most unkindest out of all O'Leary, himself an incompatible orator. Instead in Diefenbaker's gaudy speeches no real eloquence. Without quotation for it, he was made a minister by Diefenbaker in 1962, but re-versed no more than a year later when before a successful Conservative Party caucus he defended the rascal Prime Minister's speech that he alone could have de-ferred, though it was not recorded and sur-vives only in legend. He considered Pearson to be the most true a wise joy and diplomatic smoothie in government's so-far judgment, Stasheff, a very perfect question as who would have made a com-plete prime minister and Trudeau as a signpost. Though O'Leary fully supported his use of the War Measures Act in the Quebec crisis of 1970.

All those judgments, right or wrong, come from an essentially charitable heart. They are often a passionate defense of



O'Leary: neither fear nor favor

Constitution. Unfortunately these pas-sionate resolutions do not paint a self-sufficient portrait of the writer, whose ab-sence at the political scene is too modestly belittled. His appearance and then his ac-cent at The Journal, in Norman Smith, his filled state of the pipe in a portrait and here we see the editor talking through the day in his unpolished office, the visible reader of books by night (with necessary interruptions for policy) the genius of lan-guage seldom required in journalism or politics. He spent his years from the Gospel faith there, now a scholar among the pen—above all, the rebel's and himself by choice.

O'Leary was more than an editor and

politician. He was the spiritual heir of Irish loyalty and poetry, the writer Quebecer, the unrepentant romantic, always the es-thetic Canadian. For his politics was mainly an instinctive, emotional passion, and mood the decisive factor of govern-ment. And a good newspaper, while hold-ing the facts straight, should be humanly required in its editorial view, fighting and all the time, protecting the party doc-trine, never a just or neutral. Graham O'Leary was the last in Canada of an as-serted breed.

For fun and profit

ANYONE CAN MAKE
MONEY BY INVESTING
by Martin Shulman
(University of Toronto \$2.95)

Some people are born to money and others seem born to make it. Making money is a knock-out like getting a close shave. Either you can do it or you cannot. Martin Shulman has the knock—industry. He is a



Shulman: it's easy if you know how

prodigious capitalist, a millionaire who in-vests his money in the most basic com-modities into real estate. For 25 years Shulman—whose electric career has en-compassed politics, television and medicine (including one stint as a consulting Toronto oncologist)—has been trying to find out if stocks, bonds, soybeans and Kansas wheat flour eggs—almost always at a capital gain. His transactions are not dictated emotionally, with awesome con-science. What, Shulman never dreams of repeating how simple it is to, of treating their wealth is available to even the very dull—as long as you can read his books.

For there was anyone like Meier A. Milson, his book, not, so speak guide to

As a Canadian, you'll get more than you might expect from a Canadian Arctic gas pipeline.



Canada produces much of the oil it uses. But it must also buy oil from foreign sources... nearly one-third of our current oil needs are met by imports.

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By 1985, no more than \$5 billion dollars a year will be sent out of

the country to buy the oil we need.

Natural gas can reduce the effects of our growing dependence on imported oil.

Significant discoveries of natural gas have been made in Canada's Arctic.

And, Canada has the opportunity to bring major new supplies to market from the western Arctic by the early 1980s.

Gas from the Mackenzie Delta/Beaufort Sea area can be econ-

omically moved to market if transported through the proposed Canadian Arctic Gas Pipeline, along with gas from reserves discovered in Alaska.

Moving western Arctic gas to market will mean added security of energy supply. Less money will leave Canada for imported oil, and building and operating the line will mean more jobs... throughout Canada.



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We've designed two world famous vodkas, both premium priced, with our Grand Duke. The judges were patchy of taste testers, people like you who enjoy good vodka. They tasted and told us "Grand Duke" as smooth and light as the world's best."

Enjoy the best.



history of the rock market. Apparently, one or two people somewhere had a hunk of a million, so Statman—a modest person—thoughtfully provided an afternoon seminar called *Anyone Can Sell Make A Million*. But the Bureau has not been exactly stingy of late, so now Morry is drawing in new investors... art and objects don't in place of the hyped books either, we have the much more restrained *My Money*.

It would be nice to think that reading this rather too slim (129-page) volume could engender a new breed of investor, all respecting inviolable principles from their passionate devotion to the mystique of rare quarts. It would also be foolish. As even Statman offhandedly allows, 90% of the art created in any given year actually depreciates in value. Can books bestow the device so idly that the blessed 10% destined for greatness? A dam likelihood.

Not that Statman does not try. On the contrary. Full of valiant optimism, he will tell you that great profits can still be gained in the art world, even when the actual investment is less than \$100. (Grosses with caveat) he will suggest that one should never purchase what one does not behold as beautiful, that art—anything over 100 years old—must be seen, that limited editions (if anything) are limited principally in editions, and that given 3,652 subscribers of art, the beginner would do well to consider specializing. To these self-evident truths, Statman adds a few gems on where to buy (Christie's and Sotheby's in London, Parkes Bernet in New York), what to buy (Chinese lacquer wares, Middle Eastern ceramics and Jewish marriage scrolls) and—for inspiration—a liberal sprinkling of examples of Statman's own artistic sagacity.

All of this is the sort of mealy-mouthed advice which is best. What else will permit him to reproduce the celebrity in select art circles. **NICHOLAS PUGH**

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- FICTION**
- 1 *Friday, July* (1)
 - 2 *The Verdict* (Schlange, Publishers) (4)
 - 3 *How to Save Your Own Life, Jim* (3)
 - 4 *Great Post, America* (3)
 - 5 *The Crash of '78, Boston* (10)
 - 6 *Oliver's Story, Angel* (7)
 - 7 *Palomares, Cheever*
 - 8 *The Greenleaf Manuscript, Ludlum*
 - 9 *Shocking Murder, Christie* (3)
 - 10 *Lady Gaiter, Almond* (3)

- NONFICTION**
- 1 *Revolution, Moley* (1)
 - 2 *Your Braveheart Zone, Gyer* (3)
 - 3 *Changping, Ullmann* (4)
 - 4 *Principles, Shively* (2)
 - 5 *By Persons Unknown, James/Deibel*
 - 6 *The Age of Uncertainty, Gellert* (7)
 - 7 *Midnight, Lacey* (3)
 - 8 *Dr. Silver: Superheroic Day, Allaire* (3)
 - 9 *The Hill Report, Hill* (3)
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'Who was that lady I saw you with?' That was no lady, that was a damned reporter

Column by Alan Fotheringham

There are tiny incidents, seen in retrospect, that reveal a lot about governments—often in hindsight, after the political curtain has drawn. When Dave Barrett was about halfway through his impetuous three-year tenure as Premier of British Columbia, he was walking into the legislature one day when he spotted his own aide chatting to a woman journalist in a hotel room. Just within three seconds, though column questions, the Premier's vicinity inside the House.

Like a freewheeling touched with Barrett inspired excitement and began showing the female four-letterer at the columnist in her column the next day, the lady briefly reported the fact in a celebrated description that began, "Yesterday afternoon I was standing in a corridor of the legislature, attending to my business, talking to a government minister, when a man in a well-tailored blue suit wheeled around the corner and belated a four-letter word in my specific direction."

The incident of course did not result in the defeat of the Barrett government the following year. But in the public mind, it typified something that made the electorate uneasy—a two-volume, too quickly political leader who assumed the status of a woman in public in front of witnesses. Coinciding with other leaders in the same period, it helped to earn the title in the Barrett credibility and the incident has become a part of Canadian political folklore. The lady in question, whenever the name is known, the guest had had a flower at whose Dave Barrett had his purple vocabulary.

All of this is interesting because Marjorie Nichols that month moved from Ottawa to Washington for her paper, The Vancouver Star, and considering what she has done to two capitals already—Victoria and Ottawa—the administration of Pitt and Côté had best prepare to be surprised.

As a profession that produces characters in constant stream, she has become one in a tender age, and a story as well as well. It is no surprise that she has established an Ottawa reputation despite the fact she is published further from the capital than any other columnist, and the fact that she is not seen in Ottawa as a third-day house. It is not just that she is the only woman columnist and the best woman journalist on Parliament Hill, at 39 she is the youngest national columnist among the Ottawa heavyweights that include Geoff Stevens of The Globe and Mail, Charles Lewis of The Star, Doug Fisher of The Toronto Star and Rick and Richard Gwyn of The Toronto Star.

She isn't a frail flower, we can assure you (Dave Barrett knew that, but the public didn't). And why she doesn't have a storm but she's current.

The essence of the Nichols style is that she has a showman's concern for her own being, both she and mother and master of the First Gallery. Since visiting, journalists suffering in a hotel room with a case of the pox, she knows who to do—she can be hit for a preposition. Some drama of her own events breaking out in the Press



Nichols: no much as news as deservingly

Gallery executive building. The lady relies on her Richard Daley wing-arming tactics to guide the evening. The key to the Ottawa made it the pulsating use of a network, and the Roma Barrett of Red Deer is most viewed in the case and finding of all confident young cabinet executive assistants who some day might be relied on to tell the truth when a tough story comes up.

At a party this winter at her home, sprinkled with cabinet ministers, a notable BC news heard story it was the first time since he'd come to Ottawa that he "had been allowed to meet anyone important." When told that Margaret Trudeau was there, someone asked if her husband also present. "It didn't come here," Margone explained. "He runs parties. People freeze. I just avoid Margaret." Peter Mehta should have it no good.

Best story to come out of the Jack Heron trust in Calgary (where the form girl with a tongue, last Thursday Parker's table, the head-table show) came about 30 m when Ms Nichols was nightgown, was

awakened by the out of nature and found her way across the large suite provided for her through what she assumed to be the bedroom door. She found a clock behind her and the lady rebuffed herself, starters, in the corridor of a plush Calgary inn that was filled with smoking Homer drinkers. The first impulse in these occasions, apparently, is to reveal or allude to them. The wide Nichols, like some wild pony, tripped in a canyon, raised panic-stricken down corridor and up staircase until she discovered a solitary bed with a papered dispenser. Ripped a hole in the middle, she pulled it over her head like a poncho, and then summoned the house disk to bring another key. One of the great moments in Canadian journalism.

There was the night of the Bill Bennett election at the Capri Hotel in Kelowna when, in the early hours, it was decided more liquid reinforcements were urgently required. Nichols volunteered and, finding the press room locked, merely went out on the adjoining balcony, which her way along the wall four stories above the swimming pool and so captured the classic beauty for her friends. She has been known in the Okanagan Valley ever since as The Bird Woman of Kelowna.

The first-born Nichols' comports a swift, assured mind that is doubly in its observance of the most devastating experiences of life is to hear her analyze all male members of the Liberal cabinet by way of their footprints. Her family finds 2,300 acres outside Red Deer and by grade three the unpunctured one had read everything available in the one-room schoolhouse. By grade ten, she was at the grade 12 reading level. By 16, she was the Canadian junior speed-skating champion, married French and was an alternate on the Olympic team.

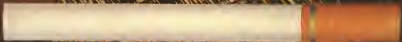
It is a measure of the West that she had to go to journalism school at the University of Montreal, just 500 miles away, because the only other news school in Ontario. Today, Judy LaMarsh claims that in journalism, "she has the clearest eyes that hold a Canadian pen." Douglas Parker predicts she'll be back in Ottawa as press secretary to "the next prime minister"—John Turner, another Nichols fan.

It will be interesting to see what of America she transports to her Canadian readers and to her reports on Barbara Frank's As It Happens. She shares quite a few things with Audrey Carter. They are both consummate people, both with both, bright. It is not far in reality from Red Deer to Plains.

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